

From the Independent, May 17.
ST. CATHERINE BORNE BY ANGELS.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

**** According to this legend, Catherine was a noble maiden of Alexandria, distinguished alike by birth, riches, beauty, and the rarest gifts of genius and learning.

In the flower of her life she consecrated herself to the service of her Redeemer, and cheerfully suffered for his sake the loss of wealth, friends, and the esteem of the world. Banishment, imprisonment, and torture were in vain tried, to shake the constancy of her faith; and at last she was bound upon the torturing-wheel for a cruel death. But the angels descended, so says the story, rent the wheel and bore her away, through the air, far over the sun, to Mount Sinai, where her body was left to repose, and her soul ascended with them to heaven.

A picture, of the Dusseldorf school, represents St. Catherine borne up in the air by four angels, her hands folded peacefully over her bosom, and her eyes closed as in an ecstatic sleep. The engraving of this picture is common in our print-shops.

ST. CATHERINE BORNE BY ANGELS.

Slow through the solemn air, in silence sailing,
Borne by mysterious angels, strong and fair,
She sleeps at last—blest dreams her eyelids veiling,
Above this weary world of strife and care.

Lo! how she passeth—dreamy, slow, and calm—
Scarce wave those broad, white wings, so silvery
bright;

Those cloudy robes, in star-embazoned folding,
Sweep mistily athwart the evening light.

Far, far below, the dim, forsaken earth,
The foes that threaten, or the friends that weep—
Past, like a dream, the torture and the pain:
For so He giveth his beloved sleep.

The restless bosom of the surging ocean
Gives back the image as the cloud floats o'er,
Hushing in glassy awe his troubled motion;
For one blest moment he complains no more.

Like the transparent golden floor of heaven,
His charmed waters lie as in a dream,
And glistening wings, and starry robes unfolding,
And serious angel eyes far downward gleam.

Oh restless sea! thou seemest all enchanted
By that sweet vision of celestial rest;
Where are the winds and tides thy peace that
haunted,
So still thou seemest, so glorified and blest!

Ah, sea! to-morrow, that sweet scene forgotten,
Dark tides and tempests shall thy bosom rear;

DLXXVL LIVING AGE. VOL. IX. 37

And thy complaining waves, with restless motion
Shall toss their hands in their old wild despair.

So o'er our hearts sometimes the sweet, sad story
Of suffering saints, borne homeward crowned
and blest,
Shines down in stillness with a tender glory,
And makes a mirror there of breathless rest.

But not alone in those old Eastern regions
Are Christ's beloved ones tried by cross and
chain;
In many a house are his elect ones hidden,
His martyrs suffering in their patient pain.

The rack, the cross, life's weary wretch of woe,
The world sees not, as slow, from day to day,
In calm, unspoken patience, sadly still,
The loving spirit bleeds itself away.

But there are hours when, from the heavens un-
folding,
Come down the angels with the glad release;
And we look upward, to behold in glory
Our suffering loved ones borne away to peace.

Ah, brief the calm!—the restless wave of feeling
Rises again when the bright cloud sweeps by,
And our unrestful souls reflect no longer
That tender vision of the upper sky.

Esoused Lord of the pure saints in glory,
To whom all faithful souls affianced are,
Breathe down thy peace into our restless spirits,
And make a lasting, heavenly vision there.

So the bright gates no more on us shall close;
No more the cloud of angels fade away;
And we shall walk amid life's weary strife
In the calm light of thine eternal day.

ANDOVER, April 29, 1855.

NEARER HOME.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer home to-day
Than I've ever been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Near the great white throne,
Nearer the jasper sea.

Nearer the bound of life
Where we lay our burdens down,
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Lies the dim and unknown stream
That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dark abyss ;
Closer death to my lips
Presses the awful chrysm.

Father, perfect my trust ;
Strengthen the might of my faith ;
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of Death.

Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink ;
For it may be I'm nearer HOME —
Nearer now than I think. — *Anonymous.*

GOD'S GIFTS.

GOD gave a gift to Earth : — a child,
Weak, innocent, and undefiled,
Opened its ignorant eyes and smiled.

It lay so helpless, so forlorn,
Earth took it coldly and in scorn,
Cursing the day when it was born.

She gave it first a tarnished name,
For heritage, a tainted fame,
Then cradled it in want and shame.

All influence of Good or Right,
All ray of God's most holy light,
She curtained closely from its sight.

Then turned her heart, her eyes away,
Ready to look again, the day
Its little feet began to stray.

In dens of guilt the baby played,
Where sin, and sin alone, was made
The law that all around obeyed.

With ready and obedient care,
He learnt the tasks they taught him there ;
Black sin for lesson — oaths for prayer.

Then Earth arose, and, in her might,
To vindicate her injured right,
Thrust him in deeper depths of night.

Branding him with a deeper brand
Of shame he could not understand,
The felon outcast of the land.

God gave a gift to Earth : — a child,
Weak, innocent, and undefiled,
Opened its ignorant eyes and smiled.

And Earth received the gift, and cried
Her joy and triumph far and wide,
Till echo answered to her pride.

She blest the hour when first he came
To take the crown of pride and fame,
Wreathed through long ages for his name.

Then bent her utmost art and skill
To train the supple mind and will,
And guard it from a breath of ill.

She strewed his morning path with flowers,
And Love, in tender dropping showers,
Nourished the blue and dawning hours.

She shed, in rainbow-hues of light,
A halo round the Good and Right,
To tempt and charm the baby's sight.

And every step, of work or play,
Was lit by some such dazzling ray,
Till morning brightened into day.

And then the World arose, and said : —
Let added honors now be shed
On such a noble heart and head !

O World ! both gifts were pure and bright,
Holy and sacred in God's sight :
God will judge them and thee aright !

Household Words.

THE WORLD A WORKSHOP; or the Physical relationship of Man to the Earth. By Thomas Ewbank, Author of "Hydraulics and Mechanics."

This American importation is rather a remarkable book ; speculative and fanciful in a certain degree, and pushing in some of its ideas beyond the received opinions of the religious world, but ingenious, abounding in facts, and clever in the application.

The principles of the writer are, that matter was designed for the employment of the intellect as well as the handicraft or labor of man, and that in proportion as the matter of the world is developed so has mankind advanced. Running rapidly over the geological epochs, Mr. Ewbank says, this was all prepared for you that you might exercise your ingenuity and labor upon it. He then goes over the three materials on which man was to work—the mineral, the vegetable, and the animal world ; pointing out the adaptation in each particular instance to the object of making "the world a workshop" and man a workman, and bringing together in a striking way some remarkable statistics, though we are not always sure of their accuracy. In a second section he treats of the physical formation of man, the nature of his mind, and of surrounding circumstances, as all tending to the same conclusion. A third book touches upon the morality of his theme : there are two classes who resist the fulfilment of man's destiny—the lazy, and the genteel ; though Mr. Ewbank seems to think some mental influence is at the bottom even of idleness.—*Spectator.*

LORD PALMERSTON, apologizing to Sir Culling Eardley for inability to receive a deputation on the subject of Maynooth, writes—"It seems, however, to be of less consequence, because I can easily imagine what the deputation would have to say to me, and while, on the one hand, I could not hope to change their opinion, I am quite sure that they would not alter mine."

From the North British Review.

1. *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*. By PATRICK FRASER TYLER, Esq., F. R. S., F. S. A. London, 1853.
2. *Raleigh's Discovery of Guiana*. Edited by SIR. ROBERT SCHOMBURGK. (Hakluyt Society,) 1848.
3. *Lord Bacon and Sir Walter Raleigh*. By MACVEY NAPIER, Esq. Cambridge, Macmillan & Co., 1853.
4. *Raleigh's Works, with Lives by OLDYS and BIRCH*. (University Press,) Oxford, 1829.
5. *Bishop Goodman's History of his own Times*. London, 1839.

"TRUTH is stranger than fiction." A trite remark. We all say it, again and again; but how few of us believe it! How few of us, when we read the history of heroic times and heroic men, take the story simply as it stands. On the contrary, we try to explain it away; to prove it all not to have been so very wonderful; to impute accidents, circumstance, mean and commonplace motives; to lower every story down to the level of our own littleness, or what we (unjustly to ourselves, and to the God who is near us all) choose to consider our level; to rationalize away all the wonders, till we make them at last impossible, and give up caring to believe them; and prove to our own melancholy satisfaction that Alexander conquered the world with a pin, in his sleep, by accident.

And yet in this mood, as in most, there is a sort of left-handed truth involved. These heroes are not so far removed from us, after all. They were men of like passions with ourselves, with the same flesh about them, the same spirit within them, the same world outside, the same devil beneath, the same God above. They and their deeds were not so very wonderful. Every child who is born into the world is just as wonderful; and, for ought we know, might, *mutatis mutandis*, do just as wonderful deeds. If accident and circumstance help them, the same may help us: have helped us, if we will look back down our years, far more than we have made use of.

They were men, certainly, very much of our own level: but may we not put that level somewhat too low? They were certainly not what we are; for if they had been, they would have done no more than we: but is not a man's real level not what he is, but what he can be, and therefore ought to be? No doubt they were compact of good and evil, just as we: but so was David, no man more; though a more heroic personage (save One) appears not in all human records; but may not the secret of their success have been, that, on the whole, (though they found it a sore battle,) they refused the evil and chose the good? It

is true, again, that their great deeds may be more or less explained, attributed to laws, rationalized: but is explaining always explaining away? Is it to degrade a thing to attribute it to a law? And do you do anything more by "rationalizing" men's deeds than prove that they were rational men; men who saw certain fixed laws, and obeyed them, and succeeded thereby, according to the Baconian apothegm, that nature is conquered by obeying her?

But what laws?

To that question, perhaps, the eleventh chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews will give the best answer, where it says, that by faith were done all the truly great deeds, and by faith lived all the truly great men, who have ever appeared on earth.

There are, of course, higher and lower degrees of this faith; its object is one more or less worthy: but it is in all cases the belief in certain unseen eternal facts, by keeping true to which a man must in the long run succeed. Must; because he is more or less in harmony with heaven, and earth, and the Maker thereof, and has therefore fighting on his side a great portion of the universe; perhaps the whole; for as he who breaks one commandment of the law is guilty of the whole, because he denies the fount of all law, so he who with his whole soul keeps one commandment of it is likely to be in harmony with the whole, because he testifies of the fount of all law.

We will devote a few pages to the story of an old hero, of a man of the like passions with ourselves; of one who had the most intense and awful sense of the unseen laws, and succeeded mightily thereby; of one who had hard struggles with a flesh and blood which made him at times forget those laws, and failed mightily thereby: of one whom God so loved that he caused each slightest sin, as with David, to bring its own punishment with it, that while the flesh was delivered over to Satan, the man himself might be saved in the day of the Lord; of one, finally, of whom nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand may say, "I have done worse deeds than he; but I have never done as good ones."

In a poor farm-house among the pleasant valleys of South Devon, among the white apple-orchards and the rich water-meadows, and the red fallows and red kine, in the year of grace 1552, a boy was born, as beautiful as day, and christened Walter Raleigh. His father was a gentleman of ancient blood: none older in the land: but, impoverished, he had settled down upon the wreck of his estate, in that poor farm-house. No record of him now remains; but he must have been a man worth knowing and worth loving, or he would not have won the wife he did. She was a Champenoun, proudest of Norman squires, and

could probably boast of having in her veins the blood of Courtneys, Emperors of Byzant. She had been the wife of the famous knight Sir Otho Gilbert, and lady of Compton Castle, and had borne him three brave sons, John, Humphrey, and Adrian; all three destined to win knighthood also in due time, and the two latter already giving promises, which they well fulfilled, of becoming most remarkable men of their time. And yet the fair Champernoun, at her husband's death, had chosen to wed Mr. Raleigh, and share life with him in the little farm-house at Hayes. She must have been a grand woman, if the law holds true that great men always have great mothers; an especially grand woman, indeed; for few can boast of having borne to two different husbands such sons as she bore. No record, as far as we know, remains of her; nor of her boys' early years. One can imagine them, nevertheless.

Just as he awakes to consciousness, the Smithfield fires are extinguished. He can recollect, perhaps, hearing of the burning of the Exeter martyrs; and he does not forget it; no one forgot or dared forget it in those days. He is brought up in the simple and manly, yet high-bred ways of English gentlemen in the times of "an old courtier of the Queen's." His two elder half-brothers also, living some thirty miles away, in the quaint and gloomy towers of Compton Castle, amid the apple-orchards of Torbay, are men as noble as ever formed a young lad's taste. Humphrey and Adrian Gilbert who afterwards both of them, rise to knighthood, are—what are they not? soldiers, scholars, Christians, discoverers and "planters" of foreign lands, geographers, alchemists, miners, Platonical philosophers; many-sided, high-minded men, not without fantastic enthusiasm; living heroic lives, and destined, one of them, to die a heroic death. From them Raleigh's fancy has been fired, and his appetite for learning quickened, while he is yet a daring boy, fishing in the gray trout-brooks, or going up with his father to the Dartmoor hills, to hunt the deer with hound and horn, amid the wooded gorges of Holne, or over the dreary downs of Hartland Warren, and the cloud-capt thickets of Cator's Beam, and looking down from thence upon the far blue southern sea, wondering when he shall sail thereon, to fight the Spaniard, and discover, like Columbus, some fairy-land of gold and gems.

For before this boy's mind, as before all intense English minds of that day, rise, from the first, three fixed ideas, which yet are but one—the Pope, the Spaniard, and America.

The first two are the sworn and internecine enemies (whether they pretend a formal peace or not) of Law and Freedom, Bible and Queen, and all that makes an Englishman's life dear to him. Are they not the in-

carnations of Antichrist? Their Moloch sacrifices flame through all lands. The earth groans because of them, and refuses to cover the blood of her slain. And America is the new world of boundless wonder and beauty, wealth and fertility, to which these two evil powers arrogate an exclusive and divine right; and God has delivered it into their hands; and they have done evil therein with all their might, till the story of their greed and cruelty rings through all earth and heaven. Is this the will of God? Will he not avenge for these things, as surely as he is the Lord who executeth justice and judgment in the earth?

These are the young boy's thoughts. These were his thoughts for sixty-six eventful years. In whatsoever else he wavered, he never wavered in that creed. He learnt it in his boyhood, while he read Fox's *Martyrs* beside his mother's knee. He learnt it as a lad, when he saw Hawkins and Drake changed by Spanish tyranny and treachery from peaceful merchantmen into fierce scourges of God. He learnt it scholastically, from fathers and divines, as an Oxford scholar, in days when Oxford was a Protestant indeed, in whom there was no guile. He learnt it when he went over, at seventeen years old, with his gallant kinsman Henry Champernoun, and his band of 100 gentlemen volunteers, to flesh his maiden sword in behalf of the persecuted French Protestants. He learnt it as he listened to the shrieks of the San Bartholomew; he learnt it as he watched the dragonnades, the tortures, the massacres of the Netherlands, and fought manfully under Norris in behalf of those victims of "the Pope and Spain." He preached it in far stronger and wiser words than we can express it for him, in that noble tract of 1591, on Sir Richard Grenville's death at the Azores—a Tyrtæan trumpet-blast such as has seldom rung in human ears; he discussed it like a cool statesman in his pamphlet of 1596, on "A War with Spain." He sacrificed for it the last hopes of his old age, the wreck of his fortunes, his just recovered liberty; and he died with the old god's battle-cry upon his lips, when it awoke no response from the hearts of a coward, profligate, and unbelieving generation. This is the background, the key-note of the man's whole life, of which, if we lose the recollection, and content ourselves by slurring it over in the last pages of his biography with some half-sneer about his putting, like the rest of Elizabeth's old admirals, "the Spaniard, the Pope, and the Devil" in the same category, we shall understand very little about Raleigh; though, of course, we shall save ourselves the trouble of pronouncing as to whether the Spaniard and the Pope were really in the same category as the devil; or, indeed, which might be equally puzzling to a good many historians of the last

century and a half, whether there be any devil at all.

The books which we have chosen to head this review, are all of them more or less good, with one exception, and that is Bishop Goodman's Memoirs, on which much stress has been lately laid, as throwing light on various passages of Raleigh, Essex, Cecil, and James's lives. Having read it carefully, we must say plainly, that we think the book an altogether foolish, pedantic, and untrustworthy book, without any power of insight or gleam of reason, without even the care to be self-consistent; having but one object, the whitewashing James, and every noble lord whom the bishop had ever known; but in whitewashing each, the poor old flunkey so bespatters all the rest of his pets, that when the work is done, the whole party look, if possible, rather dirtier than before. And so we leave Bishop Goodman.

Mr. Fraser Tytler's book is well known; and it is on the whole a good one; because he really loves and admires the man of whom he writes: but he is wonderfully careless as to authorities, and too often makes the wish father to the thought—indeed to the fact. Moreover, he has all the usual sentimental cant about Mary Queen of Scots, and all the usual petty and prurient scandal about Elizabeth, which is to us anathema, which prevents his really seeing the time in which Raleigh lived, and the element in which he moved. This sort of talk is happily dying out just now; but no one can approach the history of the Elizabethan age (perhaps of any age) without finding that truth is all but buried under mountains of dirt and chaff—an Augustan stable which, perhaps, will never be swept clean. Yet we have seen, with great delight, several attempts toward removal of the said superstratum of dirt and chaff from the Elizabethan histories, in several articles, all evidently from the same pen, (and that one, more perfectly master of English prose to our mind than any man living,) in the *Westminster Review* and *Fraser's Magazine*.*

Sir Robert Schomburgk's edition of the *Guiana Voyage* contains an excellent Life of Raleigh, perhaps the best yet written; of which we only complain, when it gives in to the stock-charges against Raleigh, as it were at second hand, and just because they are stock-charges, and because, too, the illustrious editor (unable to conceal his admiration of a discoverer in many points so like himself) takes all through an apologetic tone of "Please

don't laugh at me. I daresay it is very foolish; but I can't help loving the man.

Mr. Napier's little book is a reprint of two *Edinburgh Review* articles on Bacon and Raleigh. The first, a learned statement of facts in answer to some unwisdom of a Quarterly reviewer, (as we suspect an Oxford Aristotelian; for "we think we do know that sweet Roman hand.") It is clear, accurate, convincing, complete. There is no more to be said about the matter, save that facts are stubborn things, and

"Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Suello!"

The article on Raleigh is very valuable; first, because Mr. Napier has had access to many documents unknown to former biographers; and next, because he clears Raleigh completely from the old imputation of deceit about the Guiana mine, as well as of other minor charges. With his general opinion of Raleigh's last and fatal Guiana voyage, we have the misfortune to differ from him *toto celo*, on the strength of the very documents which he quotes. But Mr. Napier is always careful, always temperate, and always just, except where he, as we think, does not enter into the feelings of the man whom he is analyzing. Let readers buy the book (it will tell them a hundred things they do not know) and be judge between Mr. Napier and us.

In the meanwhile, one cannot help watching with a smile how good old time's scrubbing brush, which clears away paint and whitewash from church pillars, does the same by such characters as Raleigh's. After each fresh examination, some fresh count in the hundred-headed indictment breaks down. The truth is, that as people begin to believe more in nobleness, and to gird up their loins to the doing of noble deeds, they discover more nobleness in others. Raleigh's character was in its lowest Nadir in the days of Voltaire and Hume. What shame to him? For so were more sacred characters than his. Shall the disciple be above his master? Especially when that disciple was but too inconsistent, and gave occasion to the uncircumcised to blaspheme? But Cayley, after a few years, refutes triumphantly Hume's silly slanders. He is a stupid writer: but he has sense enough, being patient, honest, and loving, to do that.

Mr. Fraser Tytler shovels away a little more of the dirt-heap; Mr. Napier clears him, (for which we owe him many thanks,) by simple statement of facts, from the charge of having deserted and neglected his Virginia colonists; Humboldt and Schomburgk from the charge of having lied about Guiana; and so on; each successive writer giving in generally on merest hearsay to the general complaint against him, either from fear of running counter to big names, or from mere laziness, and

* We especially entreat readers' attention to two articles in vindication of the morals of Queen Elizabeth, in *Fraser's Magazine* of 1854; to one in the *Westminster* of 1854, on Mary Stuart; and one in the same of 1852, on England's Forgotten Worthies.

yet absolving him from that particular charge of which their own knowledge enables them to judge. In the trust that we may be able to clear him from a few more charges, we write these pages, premising that we do not profess to have access to any new and recondite documents. We merely take the broad facts of the story from documents open to all, and comment on them as we should wish our own life to be commented on.

But we do so on a method which we cannot give up; and that is the Bible method. We say boldly, that historians have hitherto failed in understanding not only Raleigh, Elizabeth, but nine-tenths of the persons and facts in his day, because they will not judge them by the canons which the Bible lays down—(by which we mean not only the New Testament, but the Old, which, as English Churchmen say, and Scotch Presbyterians have ere now testified with sacred blood, is “not contrary to the New.”)

Mr. Napier has a passage about Raleigh for which we are sorry, coming as it does from a countryman of John Knox. “Society, it would seem, was yet in a state in which such a man could seriously plead, that the madness he feigned was justified” (his last word is unfair, for Raleigh only hopes that it is no sin) “by the example of David, King of Israel!” What a shocking state of society when men actually believed their Bibles, not too little, but too much! For our part, we think that if poor dear Raleigh had considered the example of David a little more closely, he need never have feigned madness at all; and that his error lay quite in an opposite direction from looking on the Bible heroes, David especially, as too sure models. At all events, we are willing to try Raleigh by the very scriptural standard which he himself lays down, not merely in this case unwisely, but in his “History of the World” more wisely than any historian whom we have ever read; and to say, “Judged as the Bible taught our Puritan forefathers to judge every man, the character is intelligible enough; tragic, but noble and triumphant: judged as men have been judged in history for the last hundred years, by hardly any canon save those of the private judgment, which philosophic cant, maudlin sentimentality, or fear of public opinion, may happen to have begotten, the man is a phenomenon, only less confused, abnormal, suspicious than his biographers’ notions about him.” Again we say, we have not solved the problem; but it will be enough if we make some think it soluble, and worth solving.

Let us look round, then, and see into what sort of a country, into what sort of a world, the young adventurer is going forth, at seventeen years of age, to seek his fortune:

Born in 1552, his young life has sprung up

and grown with the young life of England. The earliest fact, perhaps, which he can recollect, is the flash of joy on every face which proclaims that Mary Tudor is dead, and Elizabeth reigns at last. As he grows, the young man sees all the hope and adoration of the English people centre in that wondrous maid, and his own centre in her likewise. He had been base had he been otherwise. She comes to the throne with such a prestige as never sovereign came, since the days when Isaiah sang his psalm over young Hezekiah’s accession. Young, learned, witty, beautiful, (as with such a father and mother she could not help being,) with an expression of countenance remarkable (we speak of those early days) rather for its tenderness and intellectual depth than its strength, she comes forward as the Champion of the Reformed Faith, the interpreters of the will and conscience of the people of England—herself persecuted all but to the death, and purified by affliction, like gold tried in the fire. She gathers round her, one by one, young men of promise, and trains them herself to their work. And they fulfil it, and serve her, and grow gray-headed in her service, working as faithfully, as righteously, as patriotically, as men ever worked on earth. They are her “favorites;” because they are men who deserve favor; men who count not their own lives dear to themselves for the sake of the queen and of that commonweal which their hearts and reasons tell them is one with her. They are still men, though; and some of them have their grudgings and envyings against each other: she keeps the balance even between them as skillfully, gently, justly, as woman ever did, or mortal man either. Some have their conceited hopes of marrying her, becoming her masters. She rebukes and pardons. “Out of the dust I took you, sir! go and do your duty, humbly and rationally, henceforth, or into the dust I trample you again!” And they reconsider themselves, and obey. But many, or most of them, are new men, country gentlemen, and younger sons. She will follow her father’s plan, of keeping down the overgrown feudal princes, who, though brought low by the wars of the Roses, are still strong enough to throw everything into confusion by resisting at once Crown and Commons. Proud nobles reply by rebellion, come down southwards with ignorant Popish henchmen at their backs; will restore Popery, marry the Queen of Scots, make the middle class and the majority submit to the feudal lords and the minority. The Alru-na- maiden, with her “aristocracy of genius,” is too strong for them; the people’s heart is with her, and not with dukes. Each mine only blows up its diggers, and there are many dry eyes at their ruin. Her people ask her to

marry. She answers gently, proudly, eloquently: "She is married—the people of England is her husband. She has avowed it." And well she keeps her vow. And yet there is a tone of sadness in that great speech. Her woman's heart yearns after love; after children; after a strong bosom on which to repose that weary head. But she knows that it must not be. She has her reward. "Who-soever gives up husband or child for my sake and the gospel's, shall receive them back a hundredfold in this present life," as Elizabeth does. Her reward is an adoration from high and low, which is to us now inexplicable, impossible, overstrained, which was not so then. For the whole nation is in a mood of exaltation; England is fairyland; the times are the last days—strange, terrible, and glorious.

At home are Jesuits plotting; dark, crooked-pathed, going up and down in all manner of disguises, doing the devil's work if man ever did it; trying to sow discord between man and man, class and class; putting out books full of filthy calumnies, declaring the queen illegitimate, excommunicate, a usurper. English law null, and all state appointments void, by virtue of a certain "bull," and calling on the subjects to rebellion and assassination, even on the bed-chamber women to do to her "as Judith did to Holofernes." She answers by calm contempt. Now and then Burleigh and Walsingham catch some of the rogues, and they meet their deserts; but she for the most part lets them have their way. God is on her side, and she will not fear what man can do to her.

Abroad, the sky is dark and wild, and yet full of fantastic splendor. Spain stands strong and awful, a rising world—tyranny, with its dark-souled Cortezes and Pizarros, Alvas, Don Johns, and Parmas, men whose path is like the lava stream, who go forth slaying and to slay, in the name of their gods, like those old Assyrian conquerors on the walls of Nineveh, with tutelary genii flying above their heads, mingled with the eagles who trail the entrails of the slain. By conquest, intermarriage, or intrigue, she has made all the southern nations her vassals or her tools; close to our own shores, the Netherlands are struggling vainly for their liberties; abroad, the Western Islands, and the whole trade of Africa and India, will in a few years be hers. And already the Pope, whose "most Catholic" and faithful servant she is, has repaid her services in the cause of darkness by the gift of the whole new world—a gift which she has claimed by cruelties and massacres unexampled since the days of Timour and Zinghis Khan. There she spreads and spreads, as Drake found her picture in the Government House at St. Domingo, the horse leaping through the globe,

and underneath, "Non sufficit orbis." Who shall withstand her, armed as she is with the three-edged sword of Antichrist—superstition, strength and gold?

English merchantmen, longing for some share in the riches of the New World, go out to trade in Guinea, in the Azores, in New Spain; and are answered by shot and steel. "Both policy and religion," as Fray Simon says, fifty years afterwards, "forbid Christians to trade with heretics!" "Lutheran devils, and enemies of God," are the answer they get in words; in deeds, whenever they have a superior force they may be allowed to land, and to water their ships, even to trade, under exorbitant restrictions; but generally this is merely a trap for them. Forces are hurried up; and the English are attacked treacherously, in spite of solemn compacts; for "No faith need be kept with heretics." And wo to them if any be taken prisoners, even wrecked. The galleys, and the rack, and the stake, are their certain doom; for the Inquisition claims the bodies and souls of heretics all over the world, and thinks it sin to lose its own. A few years of such wrong raise questions in the sturdy English heart. What right have these Spaniards to the New World? The Pope's gift? Why, he gave it by the same authority by which he claimed the whole world. The formula used when an Indian village is sacked is, that God gave the whole world to St. Peter, and that he has given it to his successors, and they the Indies to the King of Spain. To acknowledge that lie would be to acknowledge the very power, by which the Pope claims a right to depose Queen Elizabeth, and give her dominions to whomsoever he will. A fico for Bulls!

By possession, then? That may hold for Mexico, Peru, New Grenada, Paraguay, which have been colonized; though they were gained by means which make every one concerned in conquering them worthy of the gallows; and the right is only that of the thief to the purse whose owner he has murdered. But as for the rest—Why the Spaniard has not colonized, even explored, one-twentieth of the New World, not even one-fourth of the coast. Is the existence of a few petty factories, often hundreds of miles apart, at a few river mouths, to give them a claim to the whole intermediate coast, much less to the vast unknown tracts inside? We will try that. If they appeal to the sword, so be it. The men are treacherous robbers; we will indemnify ourselves for our losses, and God defend the right.

So argued the English; and so sprung up that strange war of reprisals, in which, for eighteen years, it was held that there was no peace between England and Spain beyond the line, *i. e.*, beyond the parallel of longitude where the Pope's gift of the western world

was said to begin; and, as the quarrel thickened and neared, extended to the Azores, Canaries, and coasts of Africa, where English and Spaniards flew at each other as soon as seen, mutually and by common consent, as natural enemies, each invoking God in the battle with Antichrist.

Into such a world as this goes forth young Raleigh, his heart full of chivalrous worship for England's tutelary genius, his brain aflamed with the true miracles of the new-found Hesperides, full of vague hopes, vast imaginations, and consciousness of enormous power. And yet he is no wayward dreamer, unfit for this workday world. With a vein of song "most lofty, insolent, and passionate," indeed unable to see aught without a poetic glow over the whole, he is eminently practical, contented to begin at the beginning, that he may end at the end; one who could work terribly, "who always labored at the matter in hand as if he were born only for that." Accordingly, he sets to work faithfully and stoutly, to learn his trade of soldiering; and learns it in silence and obscurity. He shares (it seems) in the retreat at Moncontour, and is by at the death of Condé, and toils on for five years, marching and skirmishing, smoking the enemy out of mountain-caves in Languedoc, and all the wild work of war. During the San Bartholomew massacre we hear nothing of him; perhaps he took refuge with Sidney and others in Walsingham's house. No records of these years remain, save a few scattered reminiscences in his works, which mark the shrewd, observant eye of the future statesman.

When he returned we know not. We trace him, in 1576, by some verses prefixed to Gascoigne's satire, *The Steele Glass*, solid, stately, epigrammatic, by Walter Rawely of the Middle Temple. The style is his; spelling of names matters nought in days in which a man would spell his own name three different ways in one document. Gascoigne, like Raleigh, knew Lord Grey of Wilton, and most men about town, too, and had been a soldier abroad, like Raleigh, probably with him. It seems to have been the fashion for young idlers to lodge among the Templars; indeed, toward the end of the century, they had to be cleared out, as crowding the wigs and gowns too much, and perhaps proving noisy neighbors, as Raleigh may have done. To this period may be referred, probably, his justice done on Mr. Charles Chester, (Ben Jonson's Carlo Buffone,) "a perpetual talker, and made a noise like a drum in a room; so one time, at a tavern, Raleigh beats him and seals up his mouth, his upper and nether beard with hard wax." For there is a great laugh in Raleigh's heart, a genial contempt of asses; and one that will make him enemies hereafter; perhaps shorten his days.

One hears of him next, (but only by report,) in the Netherlands, under Norris, where the nucleus of the British army, (especially of its musquetry) was training. For Don John of Austria intends not only to crush the liberties and creed of the Flemings, but afterwards to marry the Queen of Scots, and conquer England; and Elizabeth, unwillingly and slowly, for she cannot stomach rebels, has sent men and money to The States, to stop Don John in time: which the valiant English and Scotch do on Lammas-day, 1578, and that in a fashion till then unseen in war. For coming up late and panting, and "being more sensible of a little heat of the sun, than of any cold fear of death," they threw off their armor and clothes, and, in their shirts, (not over-clean, one fears,) give Don John's rashness such a rebuff, that two months more see that wild meteor, with lost hopes and tarnished fame, die down and vanish below the stormy horizon. In these days, probably, it is that he knew Col. Bingham, a soldier of fortune, of a "fancy high and wild, too desultory and over voluble," who had, among his hundred-and-one schemes, one for the plantation of America; as poor Sir Thomas Stukely (whom Raleigh must have known well,) uncle of the traitor Lewis, had for the peopling of Florida.

Raleigh returns: Ten years has he been learning his soldier's trade in silence. He will take a lesson in seamanship next. The Court may come in time; for by now, the poor squire's younger son must have discovered—perhaps even too fully—that he is not as other men are; that he can speak, and watch, and dare and endure, as none around him can do. However, here are "good adventures toward," as the *Morte d'Arthur* would say; and he will off with his half-brother Humphrey Gilbert, to carry out his patent for planting *Meta Incognita*.—"The Unknown Goal," as Queen Elizabeth has named it,—which will prove to be too truly and fatally unknown. In a latitude south of England; and with an Italian summer, who can guess that the winter will out-freeze Russia itself? The merchant-seaman, like the statesman, had yet many a thing to learn. Instead of smiling at our forefather's ignorance, let us honor the men who bought knowledge for us their children at the price of lives nobler than our own.

So Raleigh goes on his voyage with Humphrey Gilbert, to carry out the patent for discovering and planting in "*Meta Incognita*:" but the voyage prospers not. A "smart brush with the Spaniards" sends them home again, with the loss of Morgan, their best captain, and "a tall ship," and *Meta Incognita* is forgotten for a while: but not the Spaniards.—Who are those who forbid all English, by virtue of the Pope's bull, to cross the Atlantic? That must be settled hereafter; and Raleigh,

ever busy, is off to Ireland, to command a company in that "common-weal, or rather common-woe," as he calls it in a letter to Leicester. Two years and more pass here; and all the records of him which remain are of a man, valiant, daring, and yet prudent beyond his fellows. He hates his work: and is not on too good terms with stern and sour, but brave and faithful Lord Grey: but Lord Grey is Leicester's friend, and Raleigh works patiently under him, like a sensible man, because he is Leicester's friend. Some modern gentlemen of note (we forget who, and do not care to recollect) says, that Raleigh's "prudence never bore any proportion to his genius."—The next biographer we open accuses him of being too calculating, cunning, time-serving; and so forth. Perhaps both are true. The man's was a character very likely to fall alternately into either sin,—doubtless did so a hundred times. Perhaps both are false. The man's character was, on occasion, certain to rise above both faults. We have evidence that he did so his whole life long.

He is bored with Ireland at last: nothing goes right there, (when has it?) nothing is to be done there. That which is crooked cannot be made straight, and that which is wanting cannot be numbered. He comes to London, and to Court. But how? By spreading his cloak over a muddy place for Queen Elizabeth to step on? It is a pretty story; very likely to be a true one: but biographers have slurred a few facts in their hurry to carry out their theory of "favorites," and to prove that Elizabeth took up Raleigh on the same grounds that the silliest boarding-school miss might have done. Not that we deny the cloak story, if true, to be a very pretty story; perhaps it justifies, taken alone, Elizabeth's fondness for him. There may have been self-interest in it; we are bound, as "men of the world," to impute the dirtiest motives that we can find: but how many self-interested men do we know, who would have had quickness and daring to do such a thing? Men who are thinking about themselves are not generally either so quick-witted, or so inclined to throw away a good cloak, when bymuch scraping and saving they have got one. We never met a cunning, selfish, ambitious man who would have done such a thing. The reader may: but even if he has, we must ask him, for Queen Elizabeth's sake, to consider that this young Quixote is the close relation of two of the finest public men then living, Champernoun and Carew. That he is a friend of Sidney; a pet of Leicester; that he has left behind him at Oxford, and brought with him from Ireland, the reputation of being a *rara avis*, a new star in the firmament; that he has been a soldier in her Majesty's service (and in one in which she has a peculiar private interest) for

twelve years; that he has held her commission as one of the triumvirate for governing Munster, and been the commander of the garrison at Cork; and that it is possible that she may have heard something of him before he threw his cloak under her feet, especially as there has been some controversy (which we have in vain tried to fathom) between him and Lord Grey about that terrible Smerwick slaughter; of the result of which we know little, but that Raleigh being called in question about it in London, made such good play with his tongue, that his reputation as an orator and a man of talent was fixed once and forever.

Within the twelve months he is sent on some secret diplomatic mission about the Anjou marriage; he is in fact now installed in his place as "a favorite." And why not? If a man is found to be wise and witty, ready and useful, able to do whatsoever he is put to, why is a sovereign, who has eyes to see the man's worth, and courage to use it, to be accused of I know not what, because the said man happens to be good-looking? Of all generations, this, one would think, ought to be the last to cry out against "favoritism" in government; but we will draw no odious comparisons, because readers can draw them but too easily for themselves.

Now comes the turning-point of Raleigh's life. What does he intend to be? Soldier, statesman, scholar, or sea-adventurer? He takes the most natural, yet not the wisest course. He will try and be all four at once. He has intellect for it; by worldly wisdom he may have money for it also. Even now he has contrived (no one can tell whence) to build a good bark of two hundred tons, and send her out with Humphrey Gilbert on his second and fatal voyage. Luckily for Raleigh she deserts and comes home, while not yet out of the Channel, or she had surely gone the way of the rest of Gilbert's squadron. Raleigh, of course, loses money by the failure, as well as the hopes which he had grounded on his brother's Transatlantic viceroyalty. And a bitter pang it must have been to him, to find himself bereft of that pure and heroic counsellor, just at his entering into life. But with the same elasticity which sent him to the grave, he is busy within six months in a fresh expedition. If *Meta Incognita* be not worth planting, there must be, so Raleigh thinks, a vast extent of coast between it and Florida, which is more genial in climate, perhaps more rich in produce; and he sends Philip Amadas and Arthur Barlow to look for the same, and not in vain.

On these Virginian discoveries we shall say but little. Those who wish to enjoy them should read them in all their naive freshness in the originals; they will subscribe to S. T. Coleridge's dictum, that no one now-a-days can write travels as well as the old worthies

could, who figure in Hakluyt and Purchas. But we return to the question, What does this man intend to be? A discoverer and colonist; a vindicator of some part at least of America from Spanish claims? We fear not altogether, else he would have gone himself to Virginia, at least the second voyage, instead of sending others. But here, it seems to us, is the fatal, and yet pardonable mistake, which haunts the man throughout. He tries to be too many men at once. Fatal: because, though he leaves his trace on more things than (perhaps) did ever one man before or since, he, strictly speaking, conquers nothing, brings nothing to a consummation. Virginia, Guinea, the History of the World, his own career as a statesman—as king, (for he might have been king had he chosen,) all are left unfinished. And yet most pardonable; for if a man feels that he can do many different things, how hard to teach himself that he must not do them all! How hard to say to himself “I must cut off the right hand, and pluck out the right eye.” I must be less than myself, in order really to be anything. I must concentrate my powers on one subject, and that perhaps by no means the most seemingly noble or useful, still less the most pleasant, and forego so many branches of activity in which I might be so distinguished, so useful.” This is a hard lesson. Raleigh took just sixty-six years learning it, and had to carry the result of his experience to the other side of the dark river, for there was no time left to use it on this side. Some readers may have learnt the lesson already. If so, happy and blessed are they. But let them not, therefore, exalt themselves above Walter Raleigh; for that lesson is (of course) soonest learnt by the man who can excel in few things, later by him who can excel in many, and latest of all by him who, like Raleigh, can excel in all.

Space prevents us from going into details about the earlier court-days of Raleigh. He rises rapidly, as we have seen. He has an estate given him in Ireland, near his friend Spenser, where he tries to do well and wisely, colonizing, tilling, and planting it; but, like his Virginia expeditions, principally at second hand. For he has swallowed (there is no denying it) the painted bait. He will discover, he will colonize, he will do all manner of beautiful things, at second hand; but he himself will be a courtier. It is very tempting. Who would not, at the age of thirty, have wished to have been one of that chosen band of geniuses and heroes whom Elizabeth had gathered round her? Who would not, at the age of thirty, have given his pound of flesh to be captain of her guard, and to go with her whithersoever she went? It is not merely the intense gratification to carnal vanity (which, if any man denies or scoffs at, we always mark

him down as especially guilty) which is to be considered; but the real, actual honor, in the mind of one who looked on Elizabeth as the most precious and glorious being which the earth had seen for centuries. To be appreciated by her; to be loved by her; to serve her; to guard her; what could man desire more on earth?

Beside, he becomes a member of Parliament now, and Lord Warden of the Stannaries; business which of course keeps him in England; business which he performs (as he does all things) wisely and well. Such a generation as this ought really to respect Raleigh a little more, if it be only for his excellence in their own especial sphere—that of business. Raleigh is a thorough man of business.—He can “toil terribly,” and what is more, toil to the purpose. In all the everyday affairs of life, he remains without a blot; a diligent, methodical, prudent man, who, though he plays for great stakes, ventures and loses his whole fortune again and again, yet never seems to omit the “doing the duty which lies nearest him;” never gets into mean money scrapes; never neglects tenants or duty; never gives way for one instant to “the eccentricities of genius.”

If he had done so, be sure that we should have heard of it. For no man can become what he has become without making many an enemy; and he has his enemies already. On which statement naturally occurs the question—why? An important question too; because several of his later biographers seem to have running in their minds some such train of thought as this—Raleigh must have been a bad fellow, or he would not have had so many enemies; and because he was a bad fellow there is an *à priori* reason that charges against him are true. Whether this be arguing in a circle or not, it is worth searching out the beginning of this enmity, and the reputed causes of it. In after years it will be, because he is “damnable proud;” because he hated Essex, and so forth: of which in their places. But what is the earliest count against him? Naunton (who hated Raleigh, and was moreover a rogue and a bad fellow) has no reason to give, but that the Queen took him for a kind of oracle, which much nettled them all; yea, those he relied on began to take this his sudden favor for an alarm; to be sensible of their own supplantation, and to project his; which shortly made him to sing, “Fortune my foe.”

Now, be this true or not, and we do not put much faith in it, it gives no reason for the early dislike of Raleigh, save the somewhat unsatisfactory one which Cain would have given for his dislike of Abel. Moreover, Mr. Tytler gives a letter of Essex’s, written as thoroughly in the Cain spirit as any we ever read, and we wonder that after, as he says, first giving that

letter to the world, he could have found courage to repeat the old sentimentalism about the "noble and unfortunate" Earl. His hatred of Raleigh (which, as we shall see hereafter, Raleigh not only bears patiently, but requites with good deeds as long as he can) springs, by his own confession, simply from envy and disappointed vanity. The spoilt boy insults Queen Elizabeth about her liking for the "knave Raleigh." She, "taking hold of one word disdain," tells Essex that "there was no such cause why I should thus disdain him." On which, says Essex, "as near as I could I did describe unto her what he had been, and what he was; and then I did let her see, whether I had come to disdain his competition of love, or whether I could have comfort to give myself over to the service of a mistress that was in awe of such a man. I spake for grief and choler as much against him as I could; and I think he, standing at the door, might very well hear the worst that I spoke of him. In the end, I saw she was resolved to defend him, and to cross me." Whereon follows a "scene," the naughty boy raging and stamping, till he insults the Queen, and calls Raleigh "a wretch;" whereon poor Elizabeth, who loved the coxcomb for his father's sake, "turned her away to my Lady Warwick," and Essex goes grumbling forth.

On which letter, written before a single charge has been brought (as far as yet known, against Raleigh), Mr. Tytler can only observe, that it "throws much light on the jealousy" between Raleigh and Essex, "and establishes the fact, that Elizabeth delighted to see them competing for her love."

This latter sentence is one of those (too common) which rouse our indignation. We have quoted only the passage which Mr. Tytler puts in italics, as proving his case; but let any reader examine that letter word by word, from end to end, and say whether even Essex, in the midst of his passion, selfishness, and hatred, lets one word drop which hints at Elizabeth "delighting" in seeing the competition, any more than one which brings a tangible charge against Raleigh. It is as gratuitous and wanton a piece of evil-speaking as we ever read in any book; yet, we are ashamed to say, it is but an average specimen of the fairness with which any fact is treated now-a-days, which relates to the greatest sovereign whom England ever saw, the "Good Queen Bess," of whom Cromwell the regicide never spoke without the deepest respect and admiration.

Raleigh's next few years are brilliant and busy ones; and gladly, did space permit us, would we give details of those brilliant adventures which make this part of his life that of a true knight-errant. But they are mere episodes in the history, and we must pass them quickly by, only saying that they corroborate

in all things our original notion of the man—just, humane, wise, greatly daring and enduring greatly; and filled with the one fixed idea, which has grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength, the destruction of the Spanish power, and colonization of America by English. His brother Humphrey makes a second attempt to colonize Newfoundland, and perishes as heroically as he had lived. Raleigh, undaunted by his own loss in the adventure and his brother's failure, sends out a fleet of his own to discover to the southward, and finds Virginia. We might spend pages on this beautiful episode on the simple descriptions of the fair new land which the sea-kings bring home; on the profound (for those times, at least) knowledge which prompted Raleigh to make the attempt in that particular direction, which had as yet escaped the notice of the Spaniards; on the quiet patience with which, undaunted by the ill success of the first colonists, he sends out fleet after fleet, to keep the hold which he had once gained, till, unable any longer to support the huge expense, he makes over his patent for discovery to a company of merchants, who fare for many years as ill as Raleigh himself did: but one thing we have a right to say—that to this one man, under the providence of Almighty God, do the whole United States of America owe their existence. The work was double: the colony, however small, had to be kept in possession at all hazards, and he did it; but that was not enough; Spain must be prevented from extending her operations northward from Florida—she must be crippled along the whole east coast of America; and Raleigh did that too. We find him, for years to come, a part-adventurer in almost every attack on the Spaniards: we find him preaching war against them on these very grounds, and setting others to preach it also. Good old Harriot (Raleigh's mathematical tutor, whom he sent to Virginia) re-echoes his pupil's trumpet-blast. Hooker, in his epistle-dedicatory of his Irish History, strikes the same note, and a right noble one it is: "These Spaniards are trying to build up a world-tyranny by rapine and cruelty. You, sir, call on us to deliver the earth from them, by doing justly and loving mercy; and we will obey you!" is the answer which Raleigh receives (as far as we can find) from every nobler-natured Englishman.

It was an immense conception—a glorious one: it stood out so clear; there was no mistake about its being the absolutely right, wise, patriotic thing; and so feasible, too, if Raleigh could but find "six cents hommes qui savent mourir." But this was just what he could not find. He could draw round him, and did, by the spiritual magnetism of his genius, many a noble soul; but he could not organize them, as he seems to have tried to do, into a coherent body. The English spirit of independent ac-

tion, never stronger than in that age, and most wisely encouraged (for other reasons) by good Queen Bess, was too strong for him. His pupils will "fight on their own hook," like so many Yankee rangers; quarrel with each other; grumble at him. For the truth is, he demands of them too high a standard of thought and purpose. He is often a whole heaven above them in the hugeness of his imagination, the nobleness of his motive; and Don Quixote can often find no better squire than Sancho Panza. Even glorious Sir Richard Grenvil makes a mess of it: burns an Indian village because they steal a silver cup; throws back the colonization of Virginia ten years with his over-strict notions of discipline and retributive justice; and Raleigh requites him for his offence by embalming him, his valor and his death, not in immortal verse, but in immortal prose. The True Relation of the Fight at the Azores gives the key-note of Raleigh's heart. If readers will not take that as the text on which his whole life is a commentary, they may know a great deal about him, but him they will never know.

The game becomes fiercer and fiercer. Blow and counter-blow between the Spanish king (for the whole West-Indian commerce was a government job) and the merchant-nobles of England. At last, the great Armada comes, and the great Armada goes again. "Venit, vidit, fugit," as the medals said of it. And to Walter Raleigh's counsel, by the testimony of all contemporaries, the mighty victory is to be principally attributed. Where all men did heroically, it were invidious to bestow on him alone a crown, "*ob patriam servatam*." But henceforth, Elizabeth knows well that she has not been mistaken in her choice; and Raleigh is better loved than ever, heaped with fresh wealth and honors. And who deserves them better?

The immense value of his services in the defence of England excuses him, in our eyes, from the complaint which one has been often inclined to bring against him: why, instead of sending others—westward, ho! did he not go himself? Surely he could have reconciled the jarring instruments with which he was working. He could have organized such a body of men as perhaps never went out before or since on the same errand. He could have done all that Cortez did, and more; and done it more justly and mercifully.

True. And here seems (as far as little folk dare judge great folk) to have been his mistake. He is too wide for real success. He has too many plans; he is fond of too many pursuits. The man who succeeds is generally the narrow man—the man of one idea, who works at nothing but that; sees everything only through the light of that; sacrifices everything to that: the fanatic, in short. By fanatics,

whether military, commercial, or religious, and not by "liberal-minded men," at all, has the world's work been done in all ages. Amid the modern cants, one of the most mistaken is the cant about the "mission of genius," the "mission of the poet." Poets, we hear in some quarters, are the anointed kings of mankind,—at least, so the little poets sing, each to his little fiddle. There is no greater mistake. It is the practical, prosaical fanatic who does the work; and the poet, if he tries to do it, is certain to put down his spade every five minutes, to look at the prospect, and pick flowers, and moralize on dead asses, till he ends a "*Néron malgré lui-même*,"—fiddling melodiously while Rome is burning. And perhaps this is the secret of Raleigh's failure. He is a fanatic, no doubt, a true knight-errant; but he is too much of a poet withal. The sense of beauty inthralls him at every step. Gloriana's fairy court, with its chivalries and its euphuisms, its masques and its tourneys, and he the most charming personage in it, are too charming for him—as they would have been for us, reader; and he cannot give them up, and go about the one work. He justifies his double-mindedness to himself, no doubt, as he does to the world, by working wisely, indefatigably, bravely; but still he has put his trust in princes, and in the children of men. His sin, as far as we can see, is not against man, but against God: one which we do not now-a-days call a sin, but a weakness. Be it so. God punished him for it, swiftly and sharply; which we hold to be a sure sign that God also forgave him for it.

So he stays at home, spends, sooner or later, £40,000 on Virginia, writes charming Court poetry with Oxford, Buckhurst, and Paget, brings over Spenser from Ireland, and introduces Colin Clout to Gloriana, who loves—as who would not have loved?—that most beautiful of faces and of souls; helps poor puritan Udall out of his scrape as far as he can; begs for Captain Spring, begs for many more, whose names are only known by being connected with some good deed of his. "When, Sir Walter," asks Queen Bess, "will you cease to be a beggar?" "When your Majesty ceases to be a benefactor." Perhaps it is in these days that he sets up his "office of address,"—some sort of agency for discovering and relieving the wants of worthy men. So all seems to go well. If he has lost in Virginia, he has gained by Spanish prizes; his wine patent is bringing him in a large revenue, and the heavens smile on him. "Thou sayest, I am rich, and increased in goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art poor, and miserable, and blind, and naked." Thou shalt learn it, then, and pay dearly for thy lesson.

For, in the meanwhile, Raleigh falls into a very great sin, for which, as usual with his

elect, God inflicts swift and instant punishment; on which, as usual, biographers talk much unwisdom. He seduces Miss Throgmorton, one of the maids of honor. Elizabeth is very wroth; and had she not good reason to be wroth? Is it either fair or reasonable to talk of her "demanding a monopoly of love," and "being incensed at the temerity of her favorite, in presuming to fall in love and marry without her consent?" Away with such prurient cant. The plain facts are: that a man nearly forty years old abuses his wonderful gifts of body and mind, to ruin a girl nearly twenty years younger than himself. What wonder if a virtuous woman, (and Queen Elizabeth was virtuous,) thought it a base deed and punished it accordingly? There is no more to be discovered in the matter, save by the vulturine nose, which smells a carrion in every rosebud. Raleigh has a great attempt on the Plate-fleets in hand; he hurries off, from Chatham, and writes to young Cecil, on the 10th of March, "I mean not to come away as some say I will, for fear of a marriage, and I know not what. . . . For I protest before God, there is none on the face of the earth that I would be fastened unto."

This famous passage is one of those over which the virtuosity of modern times, rejoicing in evil, has hung so fondly, as giving melancholy proof of the "duplicity of Raleigh's character;" as if a man who once in his life had told an untruth was proved by that fact to be a rogue from birth to death: while others have kindly given him the benefit of a doubt whether the letter were not written after a private marriage, and therefore Raleigh, being "joined unto" some one already, had a right to say, that he did not wish to be joined to any one. But we do not concur in this doubt. Four months after, Sir Edward Stafford writes to Anthony Bacon, "If you have anything to do with Sir W. R., or any love to make to Mistress Throgmorton, at the Tower to-morrow you may speak with them." This implies that no marriage had yet taken place. And surely if there had been a private marriage, two people who were about to be sent to the Tower for their folly would have made the marriage public at once, as the only possible self-justification. But it is a pity, in our opinion, that biographers, before pronouncing upon that supposed lie of Raleigh's had taken the trouble to find out what the words mean. In their virtuous haste to prove him a liar, they have overlooked the fact that the words as they stand, are unintelligible, and the argument self-contradictory. He wants to prove, we suppose, that he does not go to sea for fear of being forced to marry Miss Throgmorton. It is, at least, an unexpected method of so doing in a shrewd man like Raleigh, to say that

he wishes to marry no one at all. "Don't think that I run away for fear of a marriage, for I do not wish to marry any one on the face of the earth," is a speech which may prove Raleigh to have been a goose, but we must understand it before we can say that it proves him a rogue. If we had received such a letter from a friend, we should have said at once, "Why the man, in his hurry and confusion, has omitted the word; he must have meant to write, not 'There is none on the face of the earth that I would be fastened to,' but, 'There is none on the face of the earth that I would rather be fastened to,' which would at once make sense, and suit fact. For Raleigh not only married Miss Throgmorton forthwith, but made her the best of husbands. Our conjectural emendation may go for what it is worth; but that the passage, as it stands in Murdin's State Papers (the MSS. we have not seen) is either misquoted, or miswritten by Raleigh himself, we cannot doubt. He was not one to think nonsense, even if he scribbled it.

The Spanish raid turns out well. Raleigh overlooks Elizabeth's letters of recall till he finds out that the king of Spain has stopped the Plate-fleet for fear of his coming, and then returns, sending on Sir John Burrough to the Azores, where he takes the "Great Carack," the largest prize (1600 tons) which had ever been brought into England. We would that space allowed of a sketch of that gallant fight as it stands in the pages of Hakluyt. Suffice it that it raised Raleigh once more to wealth, though not to favor. Shortly after he returns from the sea, he finds himself, where he deserves to be, in the Tower, where he does more than one thing which brought him no credit. How far we are justified in calling his quarrel with Sir George Carew, his keeper, for not letting him "disguise himself, and get into a pair of oars to ease his mind but with a sight of the queen, or his heart would break," hypocrisy, is a very different matter. Honest Arthur Gorges, (a staunch friend of Raleigh's) tells the story laughingly and lovingly, as if he thought Raleigh sincere, but somewhat mad; and yet honest Gorges has a good right to say a bitter thing; for after having been "ready to break with laughing at seeing them two brawl and scramble like madmen, and Sir George's new periwig torn off his crown," he sees "the iron walking" and daggers out, and playing the part of him who taketh a dog by the ears, "purchased such a rap on the knuckles, that I wished both their pates broken, and so with much ado they stayed their brawl to see my bloody fingers," and then set to work to abuse the hapless peacemaker. After which things Raleigh writes a letter to Cecil, which is still more offensive in the eyes of virtuous biographers,—how "his heart was never

broken till this day, when he hears the queen goes so far off, whom he followed with love and desire on so many journeys, and am now left behind in a dark prison all alone."

"I that was wont to behold her riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus, the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks," and so forth, in a style in which the vulturine nose must needs scent carrion, just *because* the roses are more fragrant than the vulturine taste should be in a world where all ought to be either vultures, or carrion for their dinners. As for his despair, had he not good reason to be in despair? By his own sin, he has hurled himself down the hill which he has so painfully climbed. He is in the Tower—surely no pleasant or hopeful place for any man. Elizabeth is exceeding wroth with him; and what is worse, he deserves what he has got. His whole fortune is ventured in an expedition over which he has no control, which has been unsuccessful in its first object, and may be altogether unsuccessful in that which it has undertaken as a *pisaller*, and so leave him penniless. There want not, too, those who will trample on the fallen. The deputy has been cruelly distraining on his Irish tenants for a "supposed debt of his to the Queen of £400 for rent," which was indeed but fifty marks, and which was paid, and has carried off 500 milch kine from the poor settlers whom he has planted there, and forcibly thrust him out of possession of a castle.

Moreover, the whole Irish estates are likely to come to ruin, for nothing prevails but rascality among the English soldiers, impotence among the governors, and rebellion among the natives. 3000 Burkes are up in arms; his "prophecy of this rebellion" ten days ago was laughed at, and now has come true; and altogether, Walter Raleigh and all belonging to him is in as evil case as was ever man on earth. No wonder, poor fellow, if he beholds himself lustily, and not always wisely, to Cecil and every one else who will listen to him.

As for his fine speeches about Elizabeth, why forget the standing point from which such speeches were made? Over and above his present ruin, it was, (and ought to have been,) an utterly horrible and unbearable thing to Raleigh, or any man, to have fallen into disgrace with Elizabeth by his own fault. He feels (and perhaps rightly) that he is as it were excommunicate from England, and the mission and the glory of England. Instead of being as he was till now, one of a body of brave men working together in one great common cause, he has cut himself off from the congregation by his own selfish lust, and there he is left alone with his shame and his selfishness. We must try to realize to ourselves the way in which such men as Raleigh looked not only at

Elizabeth, but at all the world. There was, in plain palpable fact, something about her, her history, her policy, the times, the glorious part which England, and she as the incarnation of the then English spirit, was playing upon earth, which raised imaginative and heroic souls into a permanent exaltation—a "fairy land," as they called it themselves, which seems to us fantastic, and would be fantastic in us, because we are not at their work, or in their days. There can be no doubt that a number of as noble men as ever stood together on the earth, did worship this woman, fight for her, toil for her, risk all for her, with a pure chivalrous affection which to us furnished one of the beautiful pages in all the book of history. Blots there must needs have been, and inconsistencies, and selfishnesses, follies; for they too were men of like passions with ourselves; but let us look at the fair vision as a whole, and thank God that such a thing has for once existed even imperfectly on this sinful earth, instead of playing the part of Ham, and falling under his curse; the penalty of slavishness, cowardice, loss of noble daring, which surely falls on any generation which is "banauses," to use Aristotle's word—which rejoices in its forefathers' shame, and unable to believe in the nobleness of others, is unable to become noble itself.

As for the "Alexander and Diana" affections, they were the language of the time; and certainly this generation has no reason to find fault with them, or with a good deal more of the "affectations" and "flattery" of Elizabethan times, while it listens complacently night after night to "honorable members" complimenting not Queen Elizabeth, but Sir Jabesh Windbag, Fiddle, Faddle, Red-tape, and party, with protestations of deepest respect and fullest confidence in the very speeches in which they bring accusations of every offence, short of high-treason—to be understood, of course, in a "parliamentary sense," as Mr. Pickwick's were in a "Pickwickian" one. If a generation of Knoxes and Mortons, Burleighs and Raleighs, shall ever arise again, one wonders by what name they will call the parliamentary morality, and parliamentary courtesy of a generation which has meted out such measure to their antitypes' failings?

"But Queen Elizabeth was an old woman then." We thank the objector even for that "then;" for it is much now-a-days to find any one who believes that Queen Elizabeth was ever young, or who does not talk of her as if she was born about seventy years of age, covered with rouge and wrinkles. We will undertake to say, that as to the beauty of this woman there is a greater mass of testimony, and from the very best judges too, than there is of the beauty of any personage in history;

and yet it has become the fashion now to deny even that. The plain facts seem, that she was very graceful, active, accomplished in all outward matters, of a perfect figure, and of that style of intellectual beauty depending on expression, which attracted (and we trust always will attract) Britons, far more than that merely sensuous loveliness in which no doubt Mary Stuart far surpassed her. And there seems little doubt, that like many Englishwomen, she retained her beauty to a very late period in life, not to mention that she was, in 1592, just at that age of rejuvenescence which makes many a woman more lovely at sixty than she has been since she was thirty-five. No doubt, too, she used every artificial means to preserve her famous complexion; and quite right she was. This beauty of hers had been a talent (as all beauty is) committed to her by God; it had been an important element in her great success; men had accepted it as what beauty of form and expression generally is, an outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace; and while the inward was unchanged, what wonder if she tried to preserve the outward? If she was the same, why should she not try to look the same? And what blame to those who worshipped her, if, knowing that she was the same, they too should fancy that she looked the same—the Elizabeth of their youth, and talk as if the fair flesh, as well as the fair spirit, was immortal? Does not every loving husband do so, when he forgets the gray hair and the sunken cheek, and all the wastes of time, and sees the partner of many joys and sorrows not as she has become, but as she was, ay, and is to him, and will be to him, he trusts, through all eternity? There is no feeling in these Elizabethan worshippers which we have not seen, potential and crude, again and again in the best and noblest of young men whom we have met, till it was crushed in them by the luxury of effeminacy and unbelief in chivalry, which is the sure accompaniment of a long peace; which war may burn with beneficent fire; which, to judge by the unexpected heroisms and chivalries of the last six months, it is burning up already.

But we must hasten on now; for Raleigh is out of prison in September, and by the next spring in parliament, speaking wisely and well, especially on his fixed idea, war with Spain, which he is rewarded for forthwith in Father Passon's "Andrææ Philopatris Responso," by a charge of founding a school of Atheism for the corruption of young gentlemen; a charge which Lord Chief-Justice Popham, Protestant as he is, will find it useful one day to recollect.

Elizabeth, however, now that he has married the fair Throgmorton, and does wisely in other matters, restores him to favor. If he has sinned, he has suffered: but he is as use-

ful as ever, now that his senses have returned to him, and he is making good speeches in parliament, instead of bad ones to weak maidens; and we find him once more in favor, and possessor of Sherborne Manor, where he builds and beautifies, with "groves and gardens of much variety and great delight." And God, too, seems to have forgiven him; perhaps has forgiven; for there the fair Throgmorton brings him a noble boy. "Ut sis vitalis metuo, puer!"

Raleigh will quote David's example one day, not wisely or well. Does David's example ever cross him now, and these sad words,—"The Lord hath put away thy sin, . . . nevertheless the child that is born unto thee shall die?"

Let that be as it may, all is sunshine once more. Sherborne Manor, a rich share in the great carack, a beautiful wife, a child; what more does this man want to make him happy? Why should he not settle down upon his lees, like ninety-nine out of the hundred, or at least try a peaceful and easy path toward more "praise and pudding?" The world answers, or his biographers answer for him, that he needs to reinstate himself, in his mistress's affection; which is true or not, according as we take it. If they mean thereby, as most seem to mean, that it was a mere selfish and ambitious scheme by which to wriggle into court favor once more—why, let them mean it: we shall only observe, that the method which Raleigh took was a rather more dangerous and self-sacrificing one than courtiers are wont to take. But if it be meant that Walter Raleigh spoke somewhat thus with himself,—“I have done a base and dirty deed, and have been punished for it. I have hurt the good name of a sweet woman who loves me, and whom I find to be a treasure; and God, instead of punishing me by taking her from me, has rendered me good for evil by giving her to me. I have justly offended a mistress whom I worship, and who, after having shewn her just indignation, has returned me evil for good by giving me these fair lands of Sherborne, and only forbid me her presence till the scandal has passed away. She sees, and rewards my good in spite of my evil; and I, too, know that I am better than I have seemed; that I am fit for nobler deeds than seducing maids of honor. How can I prove that? How can I redeem my lost name for patriotism and public danger? How can I win glory for my wife, seek that men shall forget her past shame in the thought, “She is Walter Raleigh's wife?” How can I shew my mistress that I loved her all along, that I acknowledge her bounty, her mingled justice and mercy? How can I render to God for all the benefits which He has done unto me? How can I do a deed the like of which was never done in England?”

If all this had passed through Walter Raleigh's mind, what could we say of it, but that it was the natural and rational feeling of an honorable and right-hearted man, burning to rise to the level which he knew ought to be his, because he knew that he had fallen below it? And what right better way of testifying these feelings than to do what, as we shall see, Raleigh did? What right have we to impute to him lower motives than these, while we confess that these righteous and noble motives would have been natural and rational;—indeed, just what we flatter ourselves that we should have felt in his place? Of course, in his grand scheme, the thought came in, "And I shall win to myself honor, and glory, and wealth,"—of course. And pray, sir, does it not come in your grand schemes; and yours; and yours? If you made a fortune to-morrow by some wisely and benevolently managed factory, would you forbid all speech of the said wisdom and benevolence, because you had intended that wisdom and benevolence should pay you a good per-centage? Are Price's Patent Candle Company the less honorable and worthy men, because their righteousness has proved to be a good investment? Away with cant, and let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone.

So Raleigh hits upon a noble project; a desperate one, true; but he will do it or die.—He will leave pleasant Sherborne, and the bosom of the beautiful bride, and the first-born son; and all which to most makes life worth having, and which Raleigh enjoys more intensely, (for he is a poet, and a man of strong nervous passions withal), than most men.—But,—

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more."

And he will go forth to endure heat, hunger, fever, danger of death in battle, danger of the Inquisition, rack and stake, in search of El Dorado. What so strange in that?—We have known half-a-dozen men who, in his case, and conscious of his powers, would have done the same from the same noble motive.

He begins prudently; and sends a Devonshire man, Captain Whiddon, (probably one of the Whiddons of beautiful Chagford), to spy out the Orinoco. He finds that the Spaniards are there already; that Berreo, who has attempted El Dorado from the westward, starting from New Grenada and going down the rivers, is trying to settle on the Orinoco mouth; that he is hanging the poor natives, encouraging the Caribs to hunt them and sell them for slaves, imprisoning the Caciques to extort their gold, torturing, ravishing, kidnapping, and conducting himself as was usual among Spaniards in those days.

Raleigh's spirit is stirred within him. If "Uncle Tom's Cabin" excites our just wrath, how must the history of such things have excited Raleigh's, as he remembered that these Spaniards are as yet triumphant in iniquity, and as he remembered, too, that these same men are the sworn foes of England, her liberty, her Bible, and her queen? What a deed, to be beforehand with them for once! To dispossess them of one corner of that western world, where they have left no trace but blood and flame! He will go himself; he will find El Dorado and its golden Emperor; and, instead of conquering, plundering, and murdering him, as Cortez did Montezuma, and Pizarro Atakualpa, he will show him English strength, espouse his quarrel against the Spaniards; make him glad to become Queen Elizabeth's vassal tributary, leave him perhaps a body guard of English veterans, perhaps colonize his country, and so at once avenge and protect the oppressed Indians, and fill the Queen's treasury with the riches of a land equal, if not superior, to Peru and Mexico.

Such is his dream; vague, perhaps: but far less vague than those with which Cortez and Pizarro started, and succeeded. After a careful survey of the whole matter, we give it as our deliberate opinion, that Raleigh was more reasonable in his attempt, and had more fair evidence of its feasibility, than either Cortez or Pizarro had for theirs. It is a bold assertion. If any reader doubts its truth, he cannot do better than to read the whole of the documents connected with two successful, and the one unsuccessful, attempts at finding a golden kingdom. Let them read first Prescott's Conquests at Mexico and Peru, and then Schomburgk's edition of Raleigh's Guiana.—They will at least confess when they have finished, that truth is stranger than fiction.

Of Raleigh's credulity in believing in El Dorado, much has been said. We are sorry to find even so wise a man as Sir Richard Schomburgk, after bearing good testimony to Raleigh's wonderful accuracy about all matters which he had an opportunity of observing, using this term of credulity. We will do battle on that point even with Sir Richard, and ask by what right the word is used?—First, Raleigh says nothing about El Dorado, (as every one is forced to confess,) but what Spaniard on Spaniard had been saying for fifty years. So the blame of credulity ought to rest with the Spaniards, from Philip Von Hunten, Orellana, and George of Spire, upward to Berreo. But it rests really with no one. For nothing, if we will examine the documents, is told of the riches of El Dorado, which had not been found to be true, and seen by the eyes of men still living, in Peru and Mexico. Not one-tenth of America had been explored, and already two El Dora-

dos had been found and conquered. What more rational than to suppose that there was a third, a fourth, a fifth, in the remaining eight-tenths? The reports of El Dorado among the savages were just of the same kind as those by which Cortez and Pizarro hunted out Mexico and Peru, saving that they were far more widely spread, and confirmed by a succession of adventurers. We entreat readers to examine this matter, in Raleigh, Schomburgk, Humboldt, and Condamine, and judge for themselves. As for Hume's accusations, one passes them by as equally silly and shameless, only saying for the benefit of readers, that they have been refuted completely, by every one who has written since Hume's days: and to those who are induced to laugh at Raleigh for believing in Amazons, and "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," we can only answer thus:

About the Amazons, Raleigh told what he was told; what the Spaniards who went before him, and Condamine who came after him, were told; Humboldt thinks the story possibly founded on fact: and we are ready to say, that after reviewing all that has been said thereon, it does seem to us the simplest solution of the matter just to believe it true; to believe that there was, about his time, or a little before, somewhere about the upper Orinoco, a warlike community of women, (Humboldt shews how likely such would be to spring up, where women flee from their male tyrants into the forests.) As for the fable which connected them with the lake Manoa, and the city of El Dorado, we can only answer, "If not true there and then, it is true elsewhere now;" for the Amazon Guards of the King of Dahomey at this moment, as all know, surpass in strangeness and in ferocity all that has been reported of the Orinocan viragos, and thus prove once more, that truth is stranger than fiction.

Beside; and here we stand stubborn, regardless of gibes and sneers: it is not yet proven that there was not in the sixteenth century, some rich and civilized kingdom like Peru or Mexico, in the interior of South America. Sir Richard Schomburgk has disproved the existence of Lake Parima: but it will take a long time, and more explorers than one, to prove that there are no ruins of ancient cities, such as Stephens stumbled on in Yucatan, still buried in the depths of the forests. Fifty years of ruin would suffice to wrap them in a leafy veil which would hide them from every one who did not literally run against them. Tribes would die out, or change place, (as the Atures, and many other great nations have done in those parts,) and every traditional record of them perish gradually, (for it is only gradually and lately that it has perished;) while if it be asked, What has be-

come of the people themselves? the answer is, that when any race, (like most of the American races in the sixteenth century,) is in a dying state, it hardly needs war to thin it down, and reduce the remnant to savagery.—Greater nations than El Dorado was even supposed to be, have vanished ere now, and left not a trace behind; and so may they. But enough of this. We leave the quarrel to that honest and patient warder of tourneys, Old Time, who will surely do right at last, and go on to the dog-headed worthies, without necks, and long hair hanging down behind, who, as a cacique told Raleigh, that "they had of late years slain many hundreds of his father's people," and in whom even Humboldt was not always (he says) allowed to disbelieve, (so much for Hume's scoff at Raleigh as a liar,) one old cacique boasting to him that he had seen them with his own eyes. Humboldt's explanation is, that the Caribs, being the cleverest and strongest Indians, are also the most imaginative, and therefore, being fallen children of Adam, the greatest liars, and that they invented both El Dorado and the dog-heads out of pure wickedness. Be it so. But all lies crystallize round some nucleus of truth; and it really seems to us nothing very wonderful, if the story should be on the whole true, and that these worthies were in the habit of dressing themselves up, like foolish savages as they were, in the skins of the Aguara dog, with what not of stuffing, and tails, and so forth, in order to astonish the weak minds of the Caribs, just as the Red Indians dress up in their feasts as bears, wolves, and deer, with fox tails, false bustles of bison skin, and so forth. There are plenty of traces of such foolish attempts at playing "bogy" in the history of savages even of our own Teutonic forefathers; and this we suspect to be the simple explanation of the whole mare's nest. As for Raleigh being a fool for believing it; the reasons he gives for believing it are very rational; the reason Hume gives for calling him a fool rest merely on the story's being strange; on which grounds one might disbelieve most matters in heaven and earth, from one's own existence to what one sees in every drop of water under the microscope, yea, to the growth of every seed. The only sound proof that dog-headed men are impossible, is to be found in comparative anatomy, a science of which Hume knew no more than Raleigh, and which for one marvel it has destroyed, has revealed a hundred. We do not doubt, that if Raleigh had seen and described a kangaroo, especially its all but miraculous process of gestation, Hume would have called that a lie also; but we will waste no more time in proving that no man is so credulous as the unbeliever—the man who has such mighty and world-embracing faith in himself, that he makes his own

little brain the measure of the universe. Let the dead bury the dead.

He sails for Guiana. The details of his voyage should be read at length. Everywhere they shew the eye of a poet as well as of a man of science. He sees enough to excite his hopes more wildly than ever; he goes hundreds of miles up the Orinoco in an open boat, suffering every misery: but keeping up the hearts of his men, who cry out, "Let us go on, we care not how far." He makes friendship with the caciques, and enters into alliance with them on behalf of Queen Elizabeth against the Spaniards. Unable to pass the falls of the Caroli, and the rainy season drawing on, he returns, beloved and honored by all the Indians, boasting that, during the whole time he was there, no woman was the worse for any man of his crew. Altogether, we know few episodes of history, so noble, righteous, and merciful, as this Guiana voyage. But he has not forgotten the Spaniards. At Trinidad he attacks and destroys (at the entreaty of the oppressed Indians) the new town of San José, takes Berreo prisoner, and delivers from captivity five caciques, whom Berreo kept bound in one chain, "basting their bodies with burning bacon," (an old trick of the Conquistadores,) to make them discover their gold. He tells them that he was "the servant of a queen who was the greatest cacique of the north, and a virgin; who had more caciqui under her than there were trees on that island; that she was an enemy of the Castellani (Spaniards) in behalf of their tyranny and oppression, and that she delivered all such nations about her as were by them oppressed, and having freed all the coast of the northern world from their servitude, had sent me to free them also, and withal to defend the country of Guiana from their invasion and conquest." After which perfectly true and rational speech, he subjoins, (as we think equally honestly and rationally,) "I shewed them her Majesty's picture, which they so admired and honored, as it had been easy to have brought them idolators thereof."

This is one of the stock-charges against Raleigh, at which all biographers (except quiet, sensible Oldys, who, dull as he is, is far more fair and rational than most of his successors) break into virtuous shrieks of "flattery," "meanness," "adulation," "courtiership," and so forth. Mr. Napier must say a witty thing for once, and is of opinion that the Indians would have admired far more the picture of a "red monkey." Sir Richard Schomburgk (unfortunately for the red monkey theory,) though he quite agrees that Raleigh's flattery was very shocking, says, that from what he knows (and no man knows more) of Indian taste, they would have far preferred to the portrait which Raleigh shewed them (not Mr.

Napier's red monkey, but) such a picture as that at Hampton Court, in which Elizabeth is represented in a fantastic dress. Raleigh, it seems, must be made out a rogue at all risks, though by the most opposite charges. Mr. Napier is answered, however, by Sir Richard, and Sir Richard is answered, we think, by the plain fact, that, *of course*, Raleigh's portrait was exactly such a one as Sir Richard says they would have admired: a picture probably in a tawdry frame, representing Queen Bess, just as queens were always painted then, bedizened with "browches, pearls, and owches," satin and ruff, and probably with crown on head and sceptre in hand, made up as likely as not expressly for the purpose for which it was used. In the name of all simplicity and honesty, we ask, why is Raleigh to be accused of saying that the Indians admired Queen Elizabeth's *beauty*, when he never even hints at it? And why do all commentators deliberately forget the preceding paragraph, Raleigh's proclamation to the Indians, and the circumstances under which it was spoken? The Indians are being murdered, ravished, sold for slaves, basted with burning fat, and grand white men come like avenging angels, and in one day sweep their tyrants out of the land, restore them to liberty and life, and say to them, "A great Queen far across the seas has sent us to do this. Thousands of miles away she has heard of your misery, and taken pity on you; and if you will be faithful to her she will love you, and deal justly with you, and protect you against these Spaniards who are devouring you as they have devoured all the Indians round you, and for a token of it—a sign that we tell you truth, and that there really is such a great Queen, who is the Indian's friend—here is the picture of her." What wonder if the poor idolatrous creatures had fallen down and worshipped the picture (just as millions do that of the Virgin Mary, without a thousandth part as sound and practical reason) as that of a divine, all-knowing, all-merciful deliverer? As for its being the picture of a beautiful woman or not, they would never think of that. The fair complexion and golden hair would be a sign to them that she belonged to the mighty white people, even if there were no bedizenment of jewels and crowns over and above; and that would be enough for them. When will biographers learn to do common justice to their fellow-men, by exerting now and then some small amount of dramatic imagination, just sufficient to put themselves for a moment in the place of those to whom they write?

So ends his voyage: in which, he says, "from myself I have deserved no thanks, for I am returned a beggar and withered. But I might have bettered my poor estate if I had

not only respected her Majesty's future honor and riches. It became not the former fortune in which I once lived to go journeys of piccory," (pillage;) "and it had sorted ill with the offices of honor which, by her Majesty's grace, I hold this day in England, to run from cape to cape, and place to place, for the pillage of ordinary prizes."

So speaks one whom it has been the fashion to consider as little better than a pirate, and that, too, in days when the noblest blood in England thought no shame (as indeed it was no shame) to enrich themselves with Spanish gold. But so it is throughout this man's life. If there be a nobler word than usual to be spoken, or a more wise word either, if there be a more chivalrous deed to be done, or a more prudent deed either, that word and that deed are pretty sure to be Walter Raleigh's.

But the blatant beast has been busy at home; and in spite of Chapman's heroic verses, he meets with little but cold looks. Never mind. If the world will not help to do the deed, he will do it by himself; and no time must be lost, for the Spaniards on their part will lose none. So, after six months, the faithful Keymis sails again, again helped by the Lord High Admiral and Sir Robert Cecil. It is a hard race for one private man against the whole power and wealth of Spain; and the Spaniard has been beforehand with them, and re-occupied the country. They have fortified themselves at the mouth of the Caroli, so it is impossible to get to the gold mines; they are enslaving the wretched Indians, carrying off their women, intending to transplant some tribes, and to expel others, and arming cannibal tribes against the inhabitants. All is misery and rapine; the scattered remnant comes asking piteously, why Raleigh does not come over to deliver them? Have the Spaniards slain him, too? Keymis comforts them as he best can; hears of more gold mines, and gets back safe, a little to his own astonishment, for eight-and-twenty ships of war have been sent to Trinidad, to guard the entrance to El Dorado, not surely, as Keymis well says, "to keep us only from tobacco." A colony of 500 persons is expected from Spain. The Spaniard is well aware of the richness of the prize, says Keymis, who all through shews himself a worthy pupil of his mater. A careful, observant man he seems to have been, trained by that great example to overlook no fact, even the smallest. He brings home lists of rivers, towns, caciques, poison-herbs, words, what not; he has fresh news of gold, spleen-stones, kidney-stones, and some fresh specimens: but be that as it may, he, "without going as far as his eyes can warrant, can promise Brazil-wood, honey, cotton, balsamum, and drugs, to defray charges." He would fain copy Raleigh's style, too, and, "whence his

lamp had oil, borrow light also," "seasoning his unsavory speech" with some of the "leaven of Raleigh's discourse." Which, indeed, he does even to little pedantries and attempts at classicality, and after professing that "himself and the remnant of his few years, he had bequeathed wholly to Raleigh, and his thoughts live only in that action," he rises into something like grandeur when he begins to speak of that ever-fertile subject, the Spanish cruelties to the Indians: "Doth not the cry of the poor succorless ascend unto the heavens? Hath God forgotten to be gracious to the work of his own hands? Or shall not his judgments in a day of visitation by the ministry of his chosen servant come upon these blood-thirsty butchers, like rain into a fleece of wool?" Poor Keymis! To us he is by no means the least beautiful figure in this romance; a faithful, diligent, loving man, unable, as the event proved, to do great deeds by himself, but inspired with a great idea by contact with a mightier spirit, to whom he clings through evil report and poverty and prison and the scaffold, careless of self to the last, and ends tragically, "faithful unto death" in the most awful sense.

But here remark two things: first, that Cecil believes in Raleigh's Guiana scheme; next, that the occupation of Orinoco by the Spaniards, which Raleigh is accused of having concealed from James in 1617, has been, ever since 1595, matter of the most public notoriety.

Raleigh has not been idle in the meanwhile. It has been found necessary after all to take the counsel which he gave in vain in 1588, to burn the Spanish fleet in harbor; and the herces are gone down to Cadiz fight, and in one day of thunder storm the Savastopol of Spain. Here, as usual, we find Raleigh, though in an inferior command, leading the whole by virtue of superior wisdom. When the good Lord Admiral will needs be cautious, and land the soldiers first, it is Raleigh who persuades him to force his way into the harbor, to the joy of all captains. When hot-head Essex, casting his hat into the sea for joy, shouts "Intramos," and will in at once, Raleigh's time for caution comes, and he persuades them to wait till the next morning, and arrange the order of attack. That, too, Raleigh has to do, and moreover to lead it; and lead it he does. Under the forts are seventeen galleys; the channel is "scoured" with cannon: but on holds Raleigh's warspite, far ahead of the rest, through the thickest of the fire, answering forts and galleys "with a blow of the trumpet to each piece, disdaining to shoot at those esteemed dreadful monsters." For there is a nobler enemy ahead. Right in front lie the galleons; and among them the Philip and the Andrew, two who boarded the Revenge. This

day there shall be a reckoning for the blood of his old friend; he is "resolved to be revenged for the Revenge, Sir Richard Grenville's fatal ship, or second her with his own life;" and well he keeps his vow. Three hours pass of desperate valor, during which, so narrow is the passage, only seven English ships, thrusting past each other, all but quarrelling in their noble rivalry, engage the whole Spanish fleet of fifty-seven sail, and destroy it utterly. The Philip and Thomas burn themselves despairing. The English boats save the Andrew and Matthew. One passes over the hideous record. "If any man," says Raleigh, "had a desire to see hell itself, it was there most lively figured." Key-mis's prayer is answered in part, even while he writes it; and the cry of the Indians has not ascended in vain before the throne of God!

The soldiers are landed; the city stormed and sacked, not without mercies and courtesies, though, to women and unarmed folk, which win the hearts of the vanquished, and live till this day in well-known ballads. The Flemings begin a "merciless slaughter." Raleigh and the Lord Admiral beat them off. Raleigh is carried on shore for an hour with a splinter wound in the leg, which lames him for life: but returns on board in an hour in agony; for there is no admiral left to order the fleet, and all are run headlong to the sack. In vain he attempts to get together sailors the following morning, and attack the Indian fleet in Porto Real Roads; within twenty-four hours it is burnt by the Spaniards themselves; and all Raleigh wins is no booty, a lame leg, and the honor of having been the real author of a victory even more glorious than that of 1588.

So he returns, having written to Cecil the highest praises of Essex, whom he treats with all courtesy and fairness; which those who will may call cunning: we have as good a right to say that he was returning good for evil. There were noble qualities in Essex. All the world gave him credit for them, and far more than he deserved; why should not Raleigh have been just to him, even have conceived, like the rest of the world, high hopes of him, till he himself destroyed these hopes? For now storms are rising fast. On their return Cecil is in power. He has been made Secretary of State instead of Bodley, Essex's pet, and the spoilt child begins to sulk. On which matter, we are sorry to say, Mr. Tytler and others talk much unwisdom, about Essex's being too "open and generous, etc., for a courtier," and "presuming on his mistress's passion for him;" and represent Elizabeth as desiring to be thought beautiful, and "affecting at sixty the sighs, loves, tears, and tastes of a girl of sixteen,"—and so forth. It is really time to get rid of some of this fulsome talk, culled from such triflers as Osborne, if not from the darker and

fouler sources of Parsons and the Jesuit slanderers, which we meet with a flat denial. There is simply no proof. She in love with Essex or Cecil? Yes, as a mother with a son. Were they not the children of her dearest and most faithful servants, men who had lived heroic lives for her sake? What wonder if she fancied that she saw the fathers in the sons? They had been trained under her eye. What wonder if she fancied that they could work as their fathers worked before them? And what shame if her childless heart yearned over them with unspeakable affection, and longed in her old age to lay her hands upon the shoulders of those two young men, and say to England "Behold the children which God, and not the flesh, has given me?" Most strange it is, too, that women, who ought at least to know a woman's heart, have been especially forward in publishing these stupid scandals, and sullying their pages by retailing prurient slander against such a one as Queen Elizabeth.

But to return. Raleigh attaches himself to Cecil; and he has good reason. Cecil is the cleverest man in England, saving himself. He has trusted and helped him, too, in two Guiana voyages; so the connection is one of gratitude as well as prudence. We know not whether he helped him in the third Guiana voyage in the same year, under Captain Berry, (a north Devon man, from Grenville's county), who found a mighty folk, who were "something pleasant, having drunk much that day," and carried bows with golden handles; but failed in finding the Lake Parima, and so came home.

Raleigh's first use of his friendship with Cecil, is to reconcile him, to the astonishment of the world, with Essex, alleging how much good may grow by it; for now "the Queen's continual uneasiness will grow to contentment." That, too, those who will may call policy. We have as good a right to call it the act of a wise and faithful subject, and to say, "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God." He has his reward for it, in full restoration to the Queen's favor; he deserves it. He proves himself once more worthy of power, and it is given to him. Then there is to be a second great expedition; but this time its aim is the Azores. Philip, only maddened by the loss at Cadiz, is preparing a third armament for the invasion of England and Ireland, and it is said to lie at the Islands to protect the Indian fleet. Raleigh has the victualling of the land-forces, and like every thing else he takes in hand, "it is very well done." Lord Howard declines the chief command, and it is given to Essex. Raleigh is to be rear-admiral.

By the time they reach the Azores, Essex has got up a foolish quarrel against Raleigh

for disrespect in having staid behind to bring up some stragglers. But when no armada is to be found at the Azores, Essex has after all to ask Raleigh what he shall do next. Conquer the Azores, says Raleigh, and the thing is agreed on. Raleigh and Essex are to attack Fayal. Essex sails away before Raleigh has watered. Raleigh follows as fast as he can, and at Fayal finds no Essex. He must water there, then and at once. His own veterans want him to attack forthwith, for the Spaniards are fortifying fast; but he will wait for Essex. Still no Essex comes. Raleigh attempts to water, is defied, finds himself "in for it," and takes the island out of hand in the most masterly fashion, to the infuriation of Essex. Good Lord Howard patches up the matter, and the hot-headed coxcomb is once more pacified. They go on to Graciosa, where Essex's weakness of will again comes out, and he does not take the island. Three rich Caracks, however, are picked up. "Though we shall be little the better for them," says Raleigh privately to Sir Arthur Gorges, his faithful captain, "yet I am heartily glad for our General's sake; because they will in great measure give content to her Majesty, so that there may be no repining against this poor Lord for the expense of the voyage."

Raleigh begins to see that Essex is only to be pitied that the voyage is not over likely to end well; but he takes it, in spite of ill-usage, as a kind-hearted man should. Again Essex makes a fool of himself. They are to steer one way in order to interrupt the Plate-fleet. Essex having agreed to the course pointed out, alters his course on a fancy; then alters it a second time, though the hapless Monson, with the whole Plate-fleet in sight, is hanging out lights, firing guns, and shrieking vainly for the General, who is gone on a new course, in which he might have caught the fleet after all, in spite of his two mistakes, but that he chooses to go a round-about way instead of a short one; and away goes the whole fleet safe, save one Carack, which runs itself on shore and burns, and the game is played out, and lost.

All want Essex to go home as the season is getting late: but the wilful and weak man will linger still, and while he is hovering to the south, Philip's armament has sailed from the Groyne, on the undefended shores of England, and only God's hand saves us from the effects of Essex's folly. A third time the armadas of Spain are overwhelmed by the avenging tempests, and Essex returns to disgrace, having proved himself at once intemperate and incapable. Even in coming home there is confusion, and Essex is all but lost on the Bishop and Clerks, by Scilly, in spite of the warnings of Raleigh's sailing master "Old Broadbent," who is so exasperated at the general stupidity that he wants Raleigh to leave Essex and his

squadron to get out of their own scrape as they can.

Essex goes off to salt at Wanstead; but Vere excuses him, and in a few days he comes back, and will needs fight good Lord Howard for being made Earl of Nottingham for his services against the Armada, and at Cadiz. Baulked of this, he begins laying the blame of the failure at the Azores on Raleigh. Let the spoilt naughty boy take care; even that "admirable temper" for which Raleigh is famed, may be worn out at last.

These years are Raleigh's noon—stormy enough at best, yet brilliant. There is a pomp about him, outward and inward, which is terrible to others, dangerous to himself. One has gorgeous glimpses of that grand Durham House of his, with its carvings and its antique marbles, armorial escutcheons, "beds with green silk hangings and legs like dolphins, overlaid with gold;" and the man himself, tall, beautiful and graceful, perfect alike in body and in mind, walking to and fro, his beautiful wife upon his arm, his noble boy beside his knee, in his "white satin doublet embroidered with pearls, and a great chain of pearls about his neck," lording it among the lords with "an awfulness and ascendancy above other mortals," for which men say that "his nœve is, that he is damnable proud;" and no wonder. The reduced squire's younger son has gone forth to conquer the world; and he fancies, poor fool, that he has conquered it, just as it really has conquered him; and he will stand now on his blood and his pedigree, (no bad one either,) and all the more stiffly because puppies like Lord Oxford, who instead of making their fortunes have squandered them, call him "jack and upstart," and make impertinent faces while the Queen is playing the virginals, about "how when jacks go up, heads go down." Proud? No wonder if the man be proud. "Is not this great Babylon, which I have built?" And yet all the while he has the most affecting consciousness that all this is not God's will, but the will of the flesh; that the house of fame is not the house of God; that its floor is not the rock of ages, but the sea of glass mingled with fire, which may crack beneath him any moment, and let the nether flame burst up. He knows that he is living in a splendid lie; that he is not what God meant him to be. He longs to flee away and be at peace. It is to this period, not to his death-hour, that "The Lie" belongs; * saddest of poems, with its melodious contempt and life-weariness. All is a lie—court, church, statesmen, courtiers, wit and science, town and country, all are shams; the days are evil; the canker is at the root of all things; the old heroes are dying one by one; the Elizabethan

* It is to be found in a MS. of 1596.

age is rotting down, as all human things do, and nothing is left but to bewail with Spenser "The Ruins of Time;" the glory and virtue which have been—the greater glory and virtue which might be even now, if men would but arise and repent, and work righteousness, as their fathers did before them. But no. Even to such a world as this he will cling, and flaunt it about as captain of the guard in the Queen's progresses and masques and pageants, with sword-belt studded with diamonds and rubies, or at tournaments, in armor of solid silver, and a gallant train with orange-tawny feathers, provoking puppy Essex to bring in a far larger train in the same colors, and swallow up Raleigh's pomp in his own, so achieving that famous "feather-triumph" by which he gains little but bad blood and a good jest. For Essex is no better tilter than he is general; and having "run very ill" in his orange-tawny, comes next day in green, and runs still worse, and yet is seen to be the same cavalier; whereon a spectator shrewdly observes, that he changed his colors "that it may be reported that there was one in green who ran worse than he in orange-tawny." But enough of these toys, while God's hand-writing is upon the wall above all heads.

Raleigh knows that the hand-writing is there. The spirit which drove him forth to Virginia and Guiana is fallen asleep: but he longs for Sherborne and quiet country life, and escapes thither during Essex's imprisonment, taking Cecil's son with him, and writes as only he can write, about the shepherd's peaceful joys, contrasted with "courts" and "masques" and "proud towers."—

"Here are no false entrapping baits
Too hasty for too hasty fates,
Unless it be
The fond credulity
Of silly fish, that worldling who still look
Upon the bait, but never on the hook;
Nor envy, unless among
The birds, for prize of their sweet song.

"Go! let the diving negro seek
For pearls hid in some forlorn creek,
We all pearls scorn,
Save what the dewy morn
Congeals upon some little spire of grass,
Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass,
And gold ne'er here appears,
Save what the yellow Ceres bears."

Tragic enough are the after scenes of Raleigh's life; but most tragic of all are these scenes of vain-glory, in which he sees the better part, and yet chooses the worse, and pours out his self-discontent in song which proves the fount of delicacy and beauty which lies pure and bright beneath the gaudy artificial crust. What might not this man have been!

And he knows that too. The stately rooms of Durham House fall on him, and he delights to hide up in his little study among his books and his chemical experiments, and smoke his silver pipe, and look out on the clear Thames and the green Surrey hills, and dream about Guiana and the tropics; or to set in the society of antiquaries with Selden and Cotton, Camden and Stow; or in his own Mermaid club, with Ben Jonson, Fletcher, Beaumont, and at last with Shakspeare's self to hear and utter

"Words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whom they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest."*

Anything to forget the hand-writing on the wall, which will not be forgotten.

But he will do all the good which he can meanwhile, nevertheless. He will serve God and mammon. So complete a man will surely be able to do both. Unfortunately the thing is impossible, as he discovers too late; but he certainly goes as near success in the attempt as ever man did. Everywhere we find him doing justly, and loving mercy. Wherever this man steps he leaves his foot-print ineffaceably in deeds of benevolence. For one year only, it seems, he is governor of Jersey: yet to this day, it is said, the islanders honor his name, only second to that of Duke Rollo, as their great benefactor, the founder of their Newfoundland trade. In the west country he is "as a king," "with ears and mouth always open to hear and deliver their grievances, feet and hands ready to go and work their redress." The tin merchants have become usurers "of fifty in the hundred." Raleigh works till he has put down their "abominable and cut-throat dealing." There is a burdensome west-country tax on curing fish; Raleigh works till it is revoked. In parliament he is busy with liberal measures, always before his generation. He puts down a foolish act for compulsory sowing of hemp, in a speech on the freedom of labor, worthy of the nineteenth century. He argues against raising the subsidy from the three pound men—"Call you this, Mr. Francis Bacon, 'par jugum' when a poor man pays as much as a rich?" He is equally rational and spirited against the exportation of ordnance to the enemy; and when the question of abolishing monopolies is mooted he has his wise word. He too is a monopolist of tin, as Lord Warden of the Stannaries. But he has so wrought as to bring good out of evil; for before the granting of his patent, let the price of tin be never so high, the poor workman never had but two shillings a week; yet

* Beaumont on the Mermaid Club; Letter to B. Jonson.

now, so has he extended and organized the tin-works, that any man who will can find work, be tin at what price soever, have four shillings a week truly paid. . . . Yet if all others may be repealed, I will give my consent as freely to the cancelling of this, as any member of this house." Most of the monopolies were repealed: but we do not find that Raleigh's was among them. Why should it be if its issue was more tin, and full work, and double wages? In all things this man approves himself faithful in his generation. His sins are not against man, but against God; such as the world thinks no sins; and hates them, not from morality, but from envy.

In the meanwhile, the evil which, so Spenser had prophesied, only waited Raleigh's death, breaks out in his absence, and Ireland is all aflame with Tyrone's rebellion. Raleigh is sent for. He will not accept the post of Lord Deputy, and go to put it down. Perhaps he does not expect fair play as long as Essex is at home. Perhaps he knows too much of the common weal, or rather common woe, and thinks that what is crooked cannot be made straight. Perhaps he is afraid to lose by absence his ground at court. Would that he had gone, for Ireland's sake and his own. However, it must not be. Ormond is recalled, and Knolles shall be sent; but Essex will have none but Sir George Carew; whom, Naunton says, he hates, and wishes to oust from court. He and Elizabeth argue it out. He turns his back on her, and she gives him (or does not give him, for one has found so many of these racy anecdotes vanish on inspection into simple wind, that one believes none of them) a box on the ear; which if she did, she did the most wise, just, and practical thing which she could do with such a puppy. He clasps his hand (or does not) to his sword—"He would not have taken it from Henry the VIII.," and is turned out forthwith. In vain Egerton, the lord keeper, tries to bring him to reason. He storms insanely. Every one on earth is wrong but he; every one is conspiring against him; he talks of "Solomon's fool" too. Had he read the Proverbs a little more closely, he might have left the said fool alone, as being a too painfully exact likeness of himself. It ends by his being worsted, and Raleigh rising higher than ever. We never could see why Raleigh should be represented as henceforth becoming Essex's "avowed enemy," save on the ground that all good men are and ought to be the enemies of bad men, when they see them about to do harm, and to ruin the country. Essex is one of the many persons upon whom this age has lavished a quantity of maudlin sentimentality, which suits oddly enough with its professions of impartiality. But there is an impartiality which ends in utter injustice, which by saying carelessly to every quarrel,

"Both are right, and both are wrong," leaves only the impression that all men are wrong, and ends by being unjust to every one. So has Elizabeth and Essex's quarrel been treated. There was some evil in Essex; therefore Elizabeth was a fool for liking him. There was some good in Essex; therefore Elizabeth was cruel in punishing him. This is the sort of slipshod dilemma by which Elizabeth is proved to be wrong, even while Essex is confessed to be wrong too; while the patent facts of the case are, that Elizabeth bore with him as long as she could, and a great deal longer than any one else could. Why Raleigh should be accused of helping to send Essex into Ireland, we do not know. Camden confesses (at the same time that he gives a hint of the kind) that Essex would let no one go but himself. And if this was his humor, one can hardly wonder at Cecil and Raleigh, as well as Elizabeth, bidding the man begone and try his hand at government, and be filled with the fruit of his own devices. He goes; does nothing; or rather worse than nothing; for in addition to the notorious ill-management of the whole matter, we may fairly say that he killed Elizabeth. She never held up her head again after Tyrone's rebellion. Elizabeth still clings to him, changing her mind about him every hour, and at last writes him such a letter as he deserves. He has had power, money, men, such as no one ever had before; why he has done nothing but bring England to shame? He comes home frantically (the story of his bursting into the dressing room rests on no good authority) with a party of friends at his heels, leaving Ireland to take care of itself. Whatever entertainment he met with from the fond old woman, he met with the coldness which he deserved from Raleigh and Cecil. Who can wonder? What had he done to deserve aught else? But he all but conquers; and Raleigh takes to his bed in consequence, sick of the whole matter; as one would have been inclined to do oneself. He is examined and arraigned; writes a maudlin letter to Elizabeth, of which Mr. Tytler says, that it "says little for the heart which could resist it;" another instance of the strange self-contradictions into which his brains will run. In one page, forsooth, Elizabeth is a fool for listening to these pathetic "love letters;" in the next page she is hard-hearted for not listening to them. Poor thing! Do what she would she found it hard enough to please all parties while alive; must she be condemned over and above *in æternum* to be wrong whatsoever she does? Why is she not to have the benefit of the plain, straightforward interpretation which would be allowed to any other human being, namely, that she approved of such fine talk, as long as it was proved to be sincere by fine deeds; but that when these were wanting, the

fine talk became hollow, fulsome, a fresh cause of anger and disgust? Yet still she weeps over him when he falls sick, as any mother would; and would visit him if she could with honor. But a "malignant influence counteracts every disposition to relent." No doubt, a man's own folly, passion, and insolence, has generally a very malignant influence on his fortunes, and he may consider himself a very happy man if all that befalls to him thereby is what befell Essex, deprivation of his offices, and imprisonment in his own house. He is forgiven after all; but the spoilt child refuses his bread and butter without sugar. What is the pardon to him without a renewal of his license of sweet wines? Because he is not to have that, the Queen's "conditions are as crooked as her carcase." Flesh and blood can stand no more, and ought to stand no more. After all that Elizabeth has been to him, that speech is the speech of a brutal and ungrateful nature. And such he shows himself to be in the hour of trial. What if the patent for sweet wines is refused him? Such gifts were meant as the reward of merit; and what merit has he to show? He never thinks of that. Blind with fury he begins to intrigue with James, and slanders to him, under color of helping his succession, all whom he fancies opposed to him. What is worse, he intrigues with Tyrone about bringing over an army of Irish Papists to help him against the Queen, and this at the very time that his sole claim to popularity rests on his being the leader of the Puritans. A man must have been very far gone, either baseness, or blind fury, who represents Raleigh to James as dangerous to the commonweal, on account of his great power in the west of England and Jersey, "places fit for the Spaniard to land in." Cobham, as warden of the Cinque ports is included in his slander; and both he and Raleigh will hear of it again.

Some make much of a letter, supposed to be written about this time by Raleigh to Cecil, bidding Cecil to keep down Essex, even crush him, now that he is once down. We do not happen to think the letter to be Raleigh's. His initials are subscribed to it; but not his name; and the style is not like his. But as for seeing "unforgiveness and revenge in it," whose soever it may be, we hold and say there is not a word which can bear such a construction. It is a dark letter: but about a dark matter, and a dark man. It is a worldly and expeditious letter, appealing to low motives in Cecil, though for a right end; such a letter, in short, as statesmen are wont to write now-a-days. If Raleigh wrote it, God punished him for doing so speedily enough. He does not punish statesmen now-a-days for such letters; perhaps because He does not love them as well as Raleigh. But as for the letter itself. Essex is called a "tyrant," because he had shewn

himself one. The Queen is to "hold Bothwell," because "while she hath him, he will even be the canker of her estate and safety," and the writer has "seen the last of her good days, and of ours, after his liberty." On which accounts, Cecil is not to be deterred from doing what is right and necessary "by any fear of after-revenges," and "conjectures from causes remote," as many a stronger instance (given) will prove, but "look to the present," and so "do wisely." There is no real cause for Cecil's fear. If the man who has now lost a power which he ought never to have had, be now kept down, neither he nor his son will ever be able to harm the man who has kept him at his just level. What "revenge, selfishness, and craft," there can be in all this, it is difficult to see, as difficult as to see why Essex is to be talked of as "unfortunate," and the blame of his frightful end thrown on every one but himself: or why Mr. Tytler finds it unnecessary to pursue his "well known story further," after having proved Raleigh to be all on a sudden turned into a fiend: unless, indeed, it was inconvenient to bring before the reader's mind the curious and now forgotten fact, that Essex's end was brought on by his having chosen one Sunday morning for breaking out into open rebellion, for the purpose of seizing the city of London and the Queen's person, and compelling her to make him lord and master of the British isles; in which attempt he and his fought with the civil and military authorities, till artillery had to be brought up, and many lives were lost. Such little escapades may be pardonable enough in "noble and unfortunate" earls: but our readers will perhaps agree that if they chose to try a similar experiment, they could not complain if they found themselves shortly after in company with Mr. Mitchell at Spike Island, or Mr. Oxford in Bedlam. But those were days in which such Sabbath amusements on the part of one of the most important and powerful personages of the realm could not be passed over so lightly, especially when accompanied by severe loss of life; and as there existed in England certain statutes concerning rebellion and high treason, which must needs have been framed for some purpose or other, the authorities of England may be excused for fancying that they bore some reference to such acts as that which the noble and unfortunate earl had just committed, as wantonly, selfishly, and needlessly, it seems to us, as ever did man on earth.

We may seem to jest too much upon so solemn a matter as the life of a human being: but if we are not to touch the popular talk about Essex in this tone, we can only touch it in a far serner one; and if ridicule is forbidden, express disgust in stead.

We have entered into this matter of Essex

somewhat at length, because on it is founded one of the mean slanders from which Raleigh never completely recovered. The very mob who, after Raleigh's death, made him a Protestant martyr, (as, indeed, he was,) soon looked upon Essex in the same light, hated Raleigh as the cause of his death, and accused him of glutting his eyes with Essex's misery, puffing tobacco out of a window, and what not,—all mere inventions, as Raleigh declared upon the scaffold. He was there in his office, as captain of the guard, and could do no less than be there. Essex, it is said, asked for Raleigh just before he died: but Raleigh had withdrawn, the mob murmuring. What had Essex to say to him? Was it, asks Oldys, shrewdly enough, to ask him pardon for the wicked slanders which he had been pouring into James's credulous and cowardly ears? We will hope so, and leave poor Essex to God and the mercy of God, asserting once more that no man ever brought ruin and death more thoroughly on himself by his own act, needing no imaginary help downwards from Raleigh, Cecil, or other human beings.

And now begins the fourth act of this strange tragedy. Queen Elizabeth dies; and dies of grief. It has been the fashion to attribute to her, we know not what, remorse for Essex's death; and the foolish and false tale about Lady Nottingham and the ring has been accepted as history. The fact seems to be that she never really held up her head after Burleigh's death. She could not speak of him without tears; forbade his name to be mentioned in the Council. No wonder; never had mistress a better servant. For nearly half a century have these two noble souls loved each other, trusted each other, worked with each other; and God's blessing has been on their deeds; and now the faithful God-fearing man is gone to his reward; and she is growing old, and knows that the ancient fire is dying out in her; and who will be to her what he was? Buckhurst is a good man, and one of her old pupils; and she makes him Lord Treasurer in Raleigh's place: but beyond that, all is dark. "I am a miserable forlorn woman, there is none about me that I can trust!" She sees through false Cecil; through false Henry Howard. Essex has proved himself worthless, and pays the penalty of his sins. Men are growing worse than their fathers. Spanish gold is bringing in luxury and sin. The ten last years of her reign are years of decadence, profligacy, falsehood; and she cannot but see it. Tyrone's rebellion is the last drop which fills the cup. After fifty years of war, after a drain of money all but fabulous, expended on keeping Ireland quiet, the volcano bursts forth again just as it seemed extinguished, more fiercely than ever, and the whole work has to be done over again, when

there is neither time, nor a man, to do it. And ahead, what hope is there for England? Who will be her successor? She knows in her heart that it will be James: but she cannot bring herself to name him. To bequeath the fruit of all her labors to a tyrant, a liar, and a coward! (for she knows the man but too well.) It is too hideous to be faced. This is the end, then? "Oh that I were a milke maide, with a paille upon mine arm!" But it cannot be. It never could have been; and she must endure to the end.

"Therefore I hated life; yea, I hated all my labor which I had taken under the sun; because I should leave it to the man that shall be after me. And who knows whether he shall be a wise man or a fool? yet shall he have rule over all my labor wherein I have shewed myself wise, in wisdom, and knowledge, and equity. . . . Vanity of vanities, and vexation of spirit!" And so with a whole book of Ecclesiastes written on that mighty heart, the old lioness coils herself up in her lair, refuses food, and dies. We know few passages in the world's history so tragic as that death.

Why did she not trust Raleigh? First, because Raleigh (as we have seen) was not the sort of a man whom she needed. He was not the steadfast, single-eyed man of business; but the many-sided genius. Beside, he was the ring-leader of the war-party. And she, like Burleigh before his death, was fired of the war; she saw that it was demoralizing England; was anxious for peace. Raleigh would not see that. It was to him a divine mission which must be fulfilled at all risks. As long as the Spaniards were opposing the Indians, conquering America, there must be no peace. Both were right from their own point of view. God ordered the matter from a third point of view; for his wrath was gone out against this people.

Beside, we know that Essex, and after him Cecil and Henry Howard, have been slandering Raleigh basely to James. Can we doubt that the same poison had been poured into Elizabeth's ears? She might distrust Cecil too much to act upon what he said of Raleigh; and yet distrust Raleigh too much to put the kingdom into his hands. However, she is gone now, and a new king has arisen, who knoweth not Joseph.

James comes down to take possession. Insolence, luxury, and lawlessness mark his first steps on his going amid the adulations of a fallen people; he hangs a poor wretch without trial; wastes his time in hunting by the way;—a bad and base man, whose only redeeming point (and it is a great one) is his fondness for little children. But that will not make a king. The wise elders take counsel together. Raleigh and good Judge Fortescue

are for requiring conditions from the new comer, and constitutional liberty makes its last stand among the men of Devon, the old county of warriors, discoverers, and statesmen, of which Queen Bess had said, that the men of Devon were her right hand. But in vain; James has his way; Cecil and Henry Howard are willing enough to give it him. Let their memory be accursed; for never did two bad men more deliberately betray the freedom of their country. So down comes Rehoboam, taking counsel with the young men, and makes answer to England, "My father chastised you with whips; but I will chastise you with scorpions." He takes a base pleasure, shocking to the French ambassador, in sneering at the memory of Queen Elizabeth; a perverse delight in honoring every rascal whom she had punished. Tyrone must come to England to be received into favor, maddening the soul of honest Sir John Harrington. Essex is christened "my martyr;" apparently for having plotted treason against Elizabeth with Tyrone. Raleigh is received with a pun—"By my soul, I have heard rawly of thee, mon;" and when the great nobles and gentlemen came to Court with their retinues, James tries to hide his dread of them in an insult, pooh poohs their splendor, and says, "he doubts not that he should have been able to win England for himself, had they kept him out." Raleigh answers boldly, "Would God that had been put to the trial." "Why?" "Because then you would have known your friends from your foes." "A reason" (says old Aubrey) "never forgotten or forgiven." Aubrey is no great authority; but the speech smacks so of Raleigh's offhand daring, that one cannot but believe it, as one does also the other story of his having advised the lords to keep out James and erect a republic. Not that he could have been silly enough to propose such a thing seriously at that moment; but he most likely in his offhand way, may have said, "Well, if we are to have this man in without conditions, better a republic at once." Which, if he did say, he said what the next forty years proved to be strictly true. However, he will go on his own way as best he can. If James will give him a loan, he and the rest of the old heroes will join, fit out a fleet against Spain, and crush her, now that she is tottering and impoverished, once and forever. Alas! James has no stomach for fighting, cannot abide the sight of a drawn sword—would not provoke Spain for the world—why, they might send Jesuits and assassinate him; and as for the money, he wants that for very different purposes. So the answer which he makes to Raleigh's proposal of war against Spain, is to send him to the Tower, and sentence him to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, on a charge of plotting with Spain.

Having read, we believe, nearly all that has been written on the subject of this dark "Cobham plot," we find but one thing come brightly out of the infinite confusion and mystery, which will never be cleared up till the day of judgment, and that is Raleigh's innocence. He, and all England, and the very man who condemned him, knew that he was innocent. Every biographer is forced to confess this, more or less, in spite of all efforts to be what is called "impartial." So we shall waste no words upon the matter, only observing, that whereas Raleigh is said to have slandered Cecil to James, in the same way that Cecil had slandered him, one passage of this Cobham plot disproves utterly such a story, which, after all, rests (as far as we know) only on hearsay, being "spoken of in a manuscript written by one Buck, secretary to Chancellor Egerton." For in writing to his own wife, in the expectation of immediate death, Raleigh speaks of Cecil in a very different tone, as one in whom he trusted most, and who has left him in the hour of need. We ask the reader to peruse that letter, and say whether any man would write thus, with death and judgment before his face, of one whom he knew that he had betrayed; or, indeed, of one who he knew had betrayed him. We see no reason to doubt that Raleigh kept good faith with Cecil, and that he was ignorant, till after his trial, that Cecil was the manager of the whole plot against him, and as accomplished a villain as one meets with in history.

We do not care to enter into the tracasseries of this Cobham plot. Every one knows them; no one can unravel them. To us the moral and spiritual significance of the fact is more interesting than all questions as to Cobham's lies, Brooke's lies, Aremberg's lies, Coke's lies, James's lies:—Let the dead bury their dead. It is the broad aspect of the thing which is so wonderful to us; to see how

"The eagle, towering in his pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed."

This is the man who six months ago, perhaps, thought that he and Cecil were to rule England together, while all else were the puppets whose wires they pulled. "The Lord hath taken him up, and dashed him down;" and by such means, too, and on such a charge! Betraying his country to Spain! Absurd—incredible. He would laugh it to scorn; but it is bitter earnest. There is no escape. True or false, he sees that his enemies will have his head. It is maddening; a horrible nightmare. He cannot bear it; he cannot face (so he writes to that beloved wife) the scorn, the taunts, the loss of honor, the cruel words of lawyers. He stabs himself. Read that letter of his, written after the mad blow had been

struck; it is sublime from intensity of agony. The way in which the chastisement was taken proves how utterly it was needed, ere that proud, success-swollen, world-entangled heart could be brought right with God.

And it is brought right. The wound is not mortal. He comes slowly to a better mind, and takes his doom like a man. That first farewell to his wife was written out of Hell; the second, rather out of Heaven. Read it, too, and compare; and then see how the Lord has been working upon this great soul: infinite sadness, infinite tenderness and patience, and trust in God, for himself and his poor wife—"God is my witness, it was for you and yours that I desired life; but it is true that I disdain myself for begging it. For know, dear wife, that your son is the son of a true man, and one who, in his own respect, despiseth death and all his ugly and misshapen forms. . . . The everlasting, powerful, infinite, and omnipotent God, who is goodness itself, the true life and light, keep thee and thine, have mercy upon me, and teach me to forgive my persecutors and accusers, and send us to meet in his glorious kingdom."

Is it come to this, then? Is he fit to die, at last? Then he is fit to live; and live he shall. The tyrants have not the heart to carry out their own crime, and Raleigh shall be respited.

But not pardoned. No more return for him into that sinful world, where he flaunted on the edge of the precipice, and dropped heedless over it. God will hide him in the secret place of His presence, and keep Him in his tabernacle from the strife of tongues; and a new life shall begin for him; a wiser, perhaps a happier, than he has known since he was a little lad in the farm-house in pleasant Devon, far away. On the 15th of December he enters the Tower. Little dreams he that for more than twelve years those doleful walls would be his home. Lady Raleigh obtains leave to share his prison with him; and, after having passed ten years without a child, brings him a boy to comfort the weary heart. The child of sorrow is christened Carew. Little think those around him what strange things that child will see before his hairs be gray. She has her maid; and he, his three servants; some five or six friends are allowed "to repair to him at convenient times." He has a chamber-door always open into the lieutenant's garden, where he "has converted a little hen-house into a still-room, and spends his time all the day in distillation." The next spring a grant is made of his goods and chattels, forfeited by attainder, to trustees named by himself, for the benefit of his family. So far, so well; or, at least, not as ill as it might be; but there are those who cannot leave the caged lion in peace.

Sanderson, who had married his niece, instead of paying up the arrears which he owes

on the wine and other offices, brings in a claim of £2,000. But the rogue meets his match, and finds himself, at the end of a lawsuit, in prison for debt. Greater rouges, however, will have better fortune, and break through the law-cobwebs which have stopped a poor little fly like Sanderson: for Carr, afterward Lord Somerset, casts his eyes on the Sherborne land. It has been included in the conveyance, and should be safe; but there are others who, by instigation surely of the devil himself, have had eyes to see a flaw in the deed. Sir John Popham is appealed to. Who could doubt the result? He answers, that there is no doubt that the words were omitted by the inattention of the engrosser—(Carew Raleigh says that but one single word was wanting, which word was found notwithstanding in the paper-book, i. e. the draft;) but that the word not being there, the deed is worthless, and the devil may have his way. To Carr, who has nothing of his own, it seems reasonable enough to help himself to what belongs to others; and James gives him the land. Raleigh writes to him gently, gracefully, loftily. Here is an extract:—"And for yourself, sir, seeing your fair day is now in the dawn, and mine drawn to the evening, your own virtues and the king's grace assuring you of many favors and much honor, I beseech you not to begin your first building upon the ruins of the innocent; and that their sorrows, with mine, may not attend your first plantation." He speaks strongly of the fairness, sympathy, and pity by which the Scots in general had laid him under obligation; argues from it his own evident innocence; and ends with a quiet warning to the young favorite, not to "undergo the curse of them that enter into the fields of the fatherless." In vain. Lady Raleigh, with her children, entreats James, on her knees: in vain, again. "I mun ha' the land," is the answer; "I mun ha' it for Carr." And he has it; patching up the matter, after a while, by a gift of £8,000 to her and her elder son, in requital for an estate of £5,000 a-year.

So there sits Raleigh, growing poorer day by day, and clinging more and more to that fair young wife, and her noble boy, and the babe whose laughter makes music within that dreary cage. And all day long, as we have seen, he sits over his still, compounding and discovering, and sometimes shewing himself on the wall to the people, who gather to gaze at him, till Wade forbids it, fearing popular feeling. In fact, the world outside has a sort of mysterious awe of him, as if he were a chained magician, who, if he were let loose, might do with them all what he would. Salisbury and Somerset are of the same mind. Wo to them if that silver tongue should once again be unlocked!

The Queen, with a woman's faith in greatness, sends to him for "cordials." Here is one

of them, famous in Charles the Second's days as "Sir Walter's Cordial:"—

| | | |
|----------------------------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| Zedoary (|) and saffron, each | $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. |
| Distilled water, | | 3 pints. |
| Macerate, etc., and reduced to | | 1½ pint. |
| Compound powder of crabs' claws, | | 16 oz. |
| Cinnamon and Nutmegs, | | 2 oz. |
| Cloves, | | 1 oz. |
| Cardamom seeds, | | $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. |
| Double-refined sugar, | | 2 lb. |
| Make a confection. | | |

Which, so the world believes, will cure all ills which flesh is heir to. It does not seem that Raleigh so boasted himself; but the people, after the fashion of the time, seem to have called all his medicines "cordials," and probably took for granted that it was by this particular one that the enchanter cured Queen Anne of a desperate sickness, "whereof the physicians were at the farthest end of their studies" (no great way to go, in those days) "to find the cause, and at a nonplus for the cure."

Raleigh (this is Sir Anthony Welden's account) asks for his reward only justice. Will the Queen ask that certain lords may be sent to examine Cobham, "whether he had at any time accused Sir Walter of any treason under his hand?" Six are sent: Salisbury among them. Cobham answers, "Never; nor could I: that villain Wade often solicited me, and not so prevailing, got me by a trick to write my name on a piece of white paper. So that if a charge came under my hand, it was forged by that villain Wade, by writing something above my hand, without my consent or knowledge." They return. Salisbury acts as spokesman; and has his equivocation ready. "Sir, my Lord Cobham has made good all that ever he wrote or said;" having, by his own account, written nothing but his name. This is Sir Anthony Welden's story. One hopes, for the six lords' sake, it may not be true; but we can see no reason, in the morality of James's court, why it should not have been.

So Raleigh must remain where he is, and work on. And he does work. As his captivity becomes more and more hopeless, so comes out more and more the stateliness, self-help, and energy of the man. Till now he has played with his pen: now he will use it in earnest; and use it as perhaps no prisoner ever did. Many a good book has been written in a dungeon. Don Quixote, the Pilgrim's Progress: beautiful each in its way, and destined to immortality; but none like the History of the World, the most God-fearing and God-seeing history which we know of among human writings. Of Raleigh's prison works we have no space to speak, save to say, that there is one fault in them: they are written thirty years too late—they express the creed of a buried

generation, of the men who defied Spain in the name of a God of righteousness—not of men who cringe before her in the name of a god of power and cunning. The captive eagle has written with a quill from his own wing—a quill which has been wont ere now to soar to heaven. Every line smacks of the memories of Nombro, and of Zutphen, of Tilbury Fort and of Calais Roads; and many a gray-headed veteran, as he read them, must have turned away his face to hide the noble tears, as Ulysses from Demodocus when he sang the song of Troy. So there sits Raleigh, like the prophet of old, in his lonely tower, above the Thames, watching the darkness gather upon the land year by year, "like the morning spread over the mountains;" the darkness which comes before the dawn of The Day of The Lord; which he shall never see on earth, though it be very near at hand; and asks of each newcomer—Watchman! what of the night?

But there is one bright point at least in the darkness—one on whom Raleigh's eyes, and those of all England, are fixed in boundless hope; one who, by the sympathy which attracts all noble natures to each other, clings to the hero utterly: Henry; the Crown Prince. "No king but my father would keep such a bird in a cage." The noble lad tries to open the door for the captive eagle, but in vain. At least, he will make what use he can of his wisdom: he asks him for advice about the new ship he is building, and has a simple, practical letter in return; and, over and above, probably the two pamphlets, "Of the Invention of Ships," and "Observations on the Navy and Sea Service;" which the Prince will never see. In 1611 he asks Raleigh's advice about the foolish double marriage with the Prince and Princess of Savoy, and receives for answer two plain-spoken discourses as full of historical learning as of practical sound sense.

These are benefits which must be repaid. The father will repay them hereafter in his own way. In the meanwhile the son does so in his way, by soliciting the Sherborne estate as for himself, intending to restore it to Raleigh. He succeeds: Carr is bought off for £25,000, where Lady Raleigh had been bought off with £8,000; but neither Raleigh nor his widow will ever be the better for that bargain, and Carr will get Sherborne back again, and probably, in the king's silly dotage, keep the £25,000 also.

For, as we said, the Day of the Lord is at hand; and he whose virtues might have postponed it must be taken away, that vengeance may fall where vengeance is due, and men may know that verily there is a God who judgeth the earth.

In November 1612 Prince Henry falls sick.

When he is at the last gasp, the poor Queen sends to Raleigh for some of the same cordial

which had cured her. Medicine is sent with a tender letter, as it well might be; for Raleigh knew how much hung, not only for himself, but for England, on the cracking threads of that fair young life. It is questioned at first whether it shall be administered. "The cordial," Raleigh says, "will cure him or any other of a fever, except in case of poison."

The cordial is administered: but it comes too late. The Prince dies, and with him the hopes of all good men.

* * * * *

At last after twelve years of prison, Raleigh is free. He is sixty-six years old now, gray-headed and worn down by confinement, study, and want of exercise: but he will not remember that

"Still in his ashes live their wonted fires."

Now for Guiana, at last! which he has never forgotten; to which he has been sending, with his slender means, ship after ship to keep the Indians in hope.

He is freed in March. At once he is busy at his project. In August he has obtained the King's commission, by the help of Sir Ralph Winwood, Secretary of State, who seems to have believed in Raleigh. At least Raleigh believed in him. In March next year he has sailed, and with him thirteen ships, and more than a hundred knights and gentlemen, and among them, strange to say, Sir Warham St. Leger. Can this be the quondam Marshal of Munster, under whom Raleigh served at Smerwick, six-and-thirty years ago? The question can hardly be answered but by reference to Lord Doneraile's pedigree; but we know of no other Sir Warham among the St. Legers. And if it be so, it is a strong argument in Raleigh's favor that a man once his superior in command, and how probably long past seventy, should keep his faith in Raleigh after all his reverses. Nevertheless, the mere fact of an unpardoned criminal, said to be "*non ens*" in law, being able in a few months to gather round him such a party, is proof patent of what slender grounds there are for calling Raleigh "suspected" and "unpopular."

But he does not sail without a struggle or two. James is too proud to allow his heir to match with any but a mighty king, is infatuated about the Spanish marriage; and Gondomar is with him, playing with his hopes and with his fears also.

The people are furious: and have to be silenced again and again; there is even fear of rioting. The charming and smooth-tongued Gondomar can hate; and can revenge, too.—Five prentices, who have insulted him for striking a little child, are imprisoned and fined several hundred pounds each. And as for hat-

ing Raleigh, Gondomar had been no Spaniard (to let alone the private reasons which some have supposed) had he not hated Spain's ancient scourge and unswerving enemy. He comes to James, complaining that Raleigh is about to break the peace with Spain. Nothing is to be refused him which can further the one darling fancy of James; and Raleigh has to give in writing the number of his ships, men, and ordnance, and moreover, the name of the country and the very river whither he is going. This paper was given, Carew Raleigh asserts positively, under James's solemn promise not to reveal it; and Raleigh himself seems to have believed that it was to be kept private; for he writes afterwards to Secretary Winwood in a tone of astonishment and indignation, that the information contained in his paper had been sent on to the king of Spain, before he sailed from the Thames.—Winwood could have told him as much already; for Buckingham had written to Winwood, on March 28, to ask him why he had not been to the Spanish Ambassador "to acquaint him with the order taken by his Majesty about Sir W. R.'s voyage." But however unwilling the Secretary (as one of the furtherers of the voyage) may have been to meddle in the matter, Gondomar had had news enough from another source; perhaps from James's own mouth. For the first letter to the West Indies, about Raleigh, was dated from Madrid, March 19: and most remarkable it is, that in James's "Declaration," or rather apology, for his own conduct, no mention whatsoever is made of his having given information to Gondomar.

Gondomar offered, says James, to let Raleigh go with one or two ships only. He might work a mine, and that the King of Spain should give him a safe convoy home with all his gold. How kind! And how likely would Raleigh and his fellow-adventurers have been to accept such an offer; how likely, too, to find men that would sail with them on such an errand, to be "flayed alive," as many who travelled to the Indies of late years had been, or to have their throats cut, tied back to back, after trading unarmed and peaceably for a month, as thirty-six of Raleigh's men had been but two or three years before in that very Orinoco. So James is forced to let the large fleet go; and to let it go well armed also; for the plain reason, that otherwise it dare not go at all; and in the meanwhile, letters are sent from Spain, in which the Spaniards call the fleet "English enemies," and ships and troops are moved up as fast as possible from the Spanish main.

But, say some, James was as much justified in telling Gondomar, and the Spaniards in defending themselves. On the latter point there is no doubt.

"They may get who have the will,
And they may keep who can."

But it does seem hard on Raleigh, after having labored in this Guiana business for years; after having spent his money in vain attempts to deliver these Guianians from their oppressors. It is hard, and he feels it so. He sees that he is not trusted; that, as James himself confesses, his pardon is refused simply to keep a hold on him; that, if he fails, he is ruined.

As he well asks afterward, "If the king did not think that Guiana was his, why let me go thither at all? He knows that it was his by the law of nations, for he made Mr. Harcourt a grant of part of it. If it be, as Gondomar says, the King of Spain's, then I had no more right to work a mine in it than to burn a town. Argument which seems to us unsunderable.—But, says James, and others with him, he was forbid to meddle with any country occupate or possessed by Spaniards. Southey, too, blames him severely for not having told James that the country was already settled by Spaniards. We can excuse Southey, but not James, for overlooking the broad fact, that all England knew it; that if they did not, Gondomar would have taken care to tell them; and that he could not go to Guiana without meddling with Spaniards. His former voyages and publications made no secret of it.—On the contrary, one chief argument for the plan had been all through the delivery of the Indians from these very Spaniards, who, though they could not conquer them, ill used them in every way; and in his agreement with the Lords about the Guiana voyage in 1611, he makes especial mention of the very place, which will soon fill such a part in our story, "San Thomé where the Spaniards inhabit," and tells the Lords whom to ask, as to the number of men who will be wanted "to secure Keymis's passage to the mine" against these very Spaniards.

The plain fact is, that Raleigh went with his eyes open, to take possession of a country to which he believed that he and King James had a right, and that James and his favorites, when they, as he pleads, might have stopped him by a word let him go, knowing as well as the Spaniards what he intended; for what purpose, but to have an excuse for the tragedy which ended all, it is difficult to conceive. "It is evident," says Sir Richard Schomburgk, "that they winked at consequences which they must have foreseen."

And here Mr. Napier, on the authority of Count Desmarets, brings a grave charge against Raleigh. Raleigh, in his apology, protests that he only saw Desmarets once on board of his vessel. Desmarets says in his despatches, that he was on board of her several times, (whether he saw Raleigh or not more than

once does not appear,) and that Raleigh complained to him of having been unjustly imprisoned, stripped of his estate, and so forth, (which, indeed, was true enough,) and that he was on that account resolved to abandon his country, and, if the expedition succeeded, offer himself and the fruit of his labor to the King of France.

If this be true, Raleigh was very wrong.—But Sir Richard Schomburgk points out that this passage, which Mr. Napier says occurs in the last despatch, was written a month after Raleigh had sailed; and that the previous despatch, written only four days after Raleigh sailed, says nothing about the matter. So that it could not have been a very important or fixed resolution on Raleigh's part, if it was only to be recollected a month after. We do not say (as Sir Richard Schomburgk is very much inclined to do) that it was altogether a bubble of French fancy. It is probable and natural enough that Raleigh, in his just rage at finding that James was betraying him, and sending him out with a halter round his neck, to all but certain ruin, did say wild words—that it was better for him to serve the Frenchman than such a master—that perhaps he might go over to the Frenchman after all—or some folly of the kind, in that same rash tone which, as we have seen, has got him into trouble so often already: and so we leave the matter, saying, Beware of making any man an offender for a word, much less one who is being hunted to death in his old age, and knows it.

However this may be, the fleet sails; but with no bright auguries. The mass of the sailors are "a scum of men;" they are mutinous and troublesome; and what is worse, have got among them (as, perhaps, they were intended to have) the notion that Raleigh's being still *non ens* in law absolves them from obeying him when they do not choose, and permits them to say of him behind his back what they list. They have long delays at Plymouth. Sir Warham's ship cannot get out of the Thames. Pennington, at the Isle of Wight, "cannot redeem his bread from the bakers," and has to ride back to London to get money from Lady Raleigh. The poor lady has it not, and gives a note of hand to Mr. Wood of Portsmouth. Alas, for her! She has sunk her £8000, and, beside that, sold her Wickham estate for £2500; and all is on board the fleet. "A hundred pieces" are all the ready money the hapless pair had left on earth, and they have parted them together.—Raleigh has fifty-five, and she forty-five, till God send it back—if, indeed, he ever send it. The star is sinking low in the west. Trouble on trouble. Sir John Fane has neither men nor money; Captain Whitney has not provisions enough, and Raleigh has to sell his

plate in Plymouth to help him. Courage! one last struggle to redeem his good name.

Then storms off Scilly—a pinnacle is sunk; faithful Captain King driven back into Bristol; the rest have to lie by awhile in some Irish port for a fair wind. Then Bailey deserts with the Southampton at the Canaries; then ‘unnatural weather,’ so that a fourteen days’ voyage takes forty days. Then “the distemper” breaks out under the line. The simple diary of that sad voyage still remains, full of curious and valuable nautical hints; but recording the loss of friend on friend, four or five officers, and, to our great grief, our principal refiner, Mr. Fowler. “Crab my old servant.” Next, a lamentable twenty-four hours, in which they lose Pigott the lieutenant-general, “mine honest frinde Mr. John Talbot, one that had lived with me a leven yeeres in the Tower, an excellent general skoller, and a faithful and true man as ever lived,” with two “very fair conditioned gentlemen,” and “mine own cook Francis.” Then more officers and men, and my “cusen Payton.” Then the water is near spent, and they are forced to come to half allowance, till they save and drink greedily whole canfuls of the bitter rain water. At last Raleigh’s own turn comes; running on deck in a squall, he gets wet through, and has twenty days of burning fever; “never man suffered a more furious heat,” during which he eats nothing but now and then a stewed prune.

At last they make the land, at the mouth of the Urapoho, far south of their intended goal. They ask for Leonard the Indian, “who lived with me in England three or four years, the same man that took Mr. Harcourt’s brother, and fifty men, when they were in extreme distress, and had no means to live there but by the help of this Indian, whom they made believe that they were my men;” but the faithful Indian is gone up the country, and they stood away for Cayenne, “where the cacique (Harry) was also my servant, and had lived with me in the Tower two years.”

Courage once more, brave old heart! Here, at least, thou art among friends, who know thee for what thou art, and look out longingly for thee as their deliverer.

Courage! for thou art in fairyland once more; the land of boundless hope and possibility. Though England and England’s heart be changed, yet God’s earth endures, and the harvest is still here, waiting to be reaped by those who dare. Twenty stormy years may have changed thee, but they have not changed the fairyland of thy prison dreams. Still the mighty Ceiba trees with their silk pods tower on the palm-fringed islets; still the dark mangrove thickets guard the mouths of unknown streams, whose granite sands are rich with gold. Friendly Indians come, and Harry (an

old friend) with them, bringing maize, peccari pork, and armadillos, plantains and pine apples, and all eat and gather strength; and Raleigh writes home to his wife, “to say that I may yet be king of the Indians here, were a vanity. But my name hath lived among them”—as well it might. For many a year those simple hearts shall look for him in vain, and more than two centuries and a half afterwards, dim traditions of the great white chief who bade them stand out to the last against the Spaniards, and he would come and dwell among them, shall linger among the Carib tribes; even, say some, the tattered relics of an English flag, which he left among them that they might distinguish his countrymen.

Happy for him had he staid there indeed, and been their king. How easy for him to have grown old in peace at Cayenne. But no; he must on for honor’s sake, and bring home if it were but a basket full of that ore, to show the king, that he may save his credit. And he has promised Arundel that he will return. And return he will. So onward he goes to the “Triangle Islands.” There he sends off five small vessels for Orinoco with 400 men. The faithful Keymis has to command and guide the expedition. Sir Warham is lying ill of the fever, all but dead; so George Raleigh is sent in his place as sergeant-major, and with him five land companies, one of which is commanded by young Walter, Raleigh’s son; another by a Captain Parker, of whom we shall have a word to say presently.

Keymis’s words are explicit. He is to go up; find the mine, and open it; and if the Spaniards attack him, repel force by force: but he is to avoid, if possible, an encounter with them: not for fear of breaking the peace, but because he has “a scum of men, a few gentlemen excepted, and I would not for all the world receive a blow from the Spaniards to the dishonor of our nation.” There we have no concealment of hostile instructions, any more than in Raleigh’s admirable instructions to his fleet, which after laying down excellent laws for morality, religion, and discipline, goes on with clause after clause as to what is to be done if they meet “the enemy.” What enemy? Why, all Spanish ships which sail the seas; and who, if they happen to be sufficiently numerous, will assuredly attack, sink, burn, and destroy Raleigh’s whole squadron, for daring to sail for that continent which Spain claims as its own.

Raleigh runs up the coast to Trinidad, and in through the serpent’s mouth, round Punto Gallo to the famous lake of Pitch, where all recruit themselves with fish and armadillos, pheasants (*Penelope Cristata*), palmitos and guavas, and await the return of the expedi-

tion from the last of December to the middle of February. They see something of the Spaniards meanwhile, and what they see is characteristic. Sir John Ferns is sent up to the Spanish town, to try if they will trade for tobacco. The Spaniards parley, in the midst of the parley pour a volley of musketry into them at forty paces, yet hurt never a man, and send them off calling them thieves and traitors. Fray Simon's Spanish account of the matter is, that Raleigh intended to disembark his men, that they might march inland on San Joseph. How he found out the fact remains to be proved. In the meanwhile, we shall prefer believing that Raleigh is not likely to have told a lie for his own private amusement in his own private diary. We cannot blame the Spaniards much; the advices from Spain are sufficient to explain their hostility.

On the 29th the Spaniards attack three men and a boy who are ashore boiling the fossil pitch; kill one man, and carry off the boy. Raleigh, instead of going up to the Spanish port and demanding satisfaction, as he would have been justified in doing after this second outrage, remains quietly where he is, expecting daily to be attacked by Spanish armadas, and resolved to "burn by their sides." Happily, or unhappily, he escapes them. Probably he thinks they waited for him at Margarita, expecting him to range the Spanish Main.

At last the weary days of sickness and anxiety succeed to days of terror. On the 1st of February a strange report comes by an Indian. An inland savage has brought confused and contradictory news down the river, that San Thomé is sacked, the governor and two Spanish captains slain, (names given) and two English captains, nameless. After this entry follow a few confused ones, set down as happening in January, as to attempts to extract the truth from the Indians and negligence of the mariners, who are diligent in nothing but pillaging and stealing.—And so ends abruptly this sad document.

The truth comes at last; but when, does not appear, in a letter from Keymis, dated January 8. San Thomé has been stormed, sacked, and burnt. Four refiners' houses were found in it; the best in the town; so that the Spaniards have been mining there: but no coin or bullion except a little plate. One English captain is killed, and that captain is Walter Raleigh, his first-born. He died leading them on, when some, "more careful of valor and safety, began to recoil shamefully." His last words were, "Lord have mercy on me, and prosper our enterprise." A Spanish captain, Erinetta, struck him down with the butt of a musket after he had received a bullet. John Plessington, his sergeant, avenged him by running Erinetta through with his halbert.

Keymis has not yet been to the mine; he could not, "by reason of the murmurings, discords, and vexations;" but he will go at once, make trial of the mine, and come down to Trinidad by the Macareo mouth. He sends a parcel of scattered papers (probably among them the three letters from the king of Spain) a roll of tobacco, a tortoise, some oranges and lemons. "Praying God to give you health and strength of body, and a mind armed against all extremities, I rest ever to be commanded, your lordship's, Keymis."

"Oh Absalom, my son, my son, would God I had died for thee!" The noble lad sleeps there under the palm trees, beside the mighty tropic stream, while the fair Basset, "his bride in the sight of God," reckes not of him as she wanders in the woods of Umberleigh, wife to the son of Raleigh's deadliest foe. Raleigh, Raleigh, surely God's blessing is not on thy voyage of thine. Surely He hath set thy misdeeds before him, and thy secret sins in the light of His countenance.

Another blank of misery: but his honor is still safe. Keymis will return with that gold ore, that pledge of his good faith for which he has ventured all. Surely God will let that come after all, now that he has paid as its price his first-born's blood? * * *

At last Keymis returns with thinned numbers. All are weary, spirit-broken, discontented, mutinous. Where is the gold ore?

There is none. Keymis has never been to the mine after all. His companions curse him as a traitor who has helped Raleigh to deceive them into ruin; the mine is imaginary, a lie. The crews are ready to break into open mutiny; after awhile they will do so.

Yes, God is setting this man's secret sins in the light of His countenance. If he has been ambitious, his ambition has punished itself now. If he has cared more for his own honor than for his wife and children, that sin too has punished itself. If he has (which we affirm not) tampered with truth for the sake of what seemed to him noble and just ends, that too has punished itself; for his men do not trust him. If he has (which we affirm not) done any wrong in that matter of Cobham, that too has punished itself; for his men, counting him as "non ens" in law, will not respect or obey him. If he has spoken after his old fashion, rash and exaggerated words, and goes on speaking them, even though it be through the pressure of despair, that too shall punish itself; and for every idle word that he shall say, God will bring him into judgment. And why, but because he is noble? Why, but because he is nearer to God by a whole heaven than Buckingham, Henry Howards, Salisbury, and others whom God lets fatten on their own sins, having no understanding, because they are in honor, and have children at

their hearts' desire, and leave the rest of their substance to their babes? Not so does God deal with His elect, when they will try to worship at once self and Him; He requires truth in the inward parts, and will purge them till they are true, and single-eyed, and full of light.

Keymis returns with the wreck of his party. The scene between him and Raleigh may be guessed. Keymis has excuse on excuse. He could not get obeyed after young Raleigh's death: he expected to find that Sir Walter was either dead of his sickness, or of grief for his son, and had no wish "to enrich a company of rascals who made no account of him." He dare not go up to the mine because, (and here Raleigh thinks his excuse fair,) the fugitive Spaniards lay in the craggy woods through which he would have to pass, and that he had not men enough even to hold the town securely. If he reached the mine, and left a company there, he had no provisions for them; and he dared not send backward and forward to the town, while the Spaniards were in the woods. The warnings sent by Gondomar had undone all, and James's treachery had done its work. So Keymis "thinking it a greater error, (so he said,) to discover the mine to the Spaniards, than to excuse himself to the company, said that he could not find it." From all which, one thing at least is evident, that Keymis believed in the existence of the mine.

Raleigh "rejects these fancies;" tells him before divers gentlemen, that "a blind man might find it, by the marks which Keymis himself had set down under his hand;" that "his case of losing so many men in the woods," was a mere pretence: after Walter was slain, he knew that Keymis had no care of any man's surviving. "You have undone me, wounded my credit with the King, past recovery." "As you have followed your own advice, and not mine, you must satisfy his Majesty. I shall be glad if you can do it: but I cannot." There is no use dwelling on such vain regrets and reproaches. Raleigh, perhaps is bitter, unjust, though we cannot see that he was; as he himself writes twice, to his wife and to Sir Ralph Winwood, his "brains are broken." He writes to them both, and reopens the letters to add long postscripts, at his wits' end. Keymis goes off; spends a few miserable days; and then enters Raleigh's cabin. He has written his apology to Lord Arundel, and begs Raleigh to allow of it. "No. You have undone me by your obstinacy; I will not favor or color your former folly." "Is that your resolution, sir?" "It is." "I know not then, sir, what course to take." And so he goes out, and into his own cabin overhead. A minute after a pistol shot is heard. Raleigh sends up a boy to know the reason. Keymis answers from within, that he

has fired it off because it had been long charged, and all is quiet.

Half an hour after, the boy goes into the cabin. Keymis is lying on his bed, the pistol by him. The boy moves him. The pistol shot has broken a rib, and gone no further: but as the corpse is turned over, a long knife is buried in that desperate heart. Another of the old heroes has gone to his wild account.

Gradually drops of explanation ooze out. The "Serjeant-Major, Raleigh's nephew, and others, confess that Keymis told them that he could have brought them in two hours to the mine: but as the young heir was slain, and his father was unpardoned, and not like to live, he had no reason to open the mine, either for the Spaniard or the King." Those latter words are significant. What cared the old Elizabethan seaman for the wealth of such a king? And, indeed, what good to such a king would all the mines in Guiana be? They answered that the King, nevertheless, had "granted Raleigh his heart's desire under the great seal." He replied that "the grant to Raleigh was to a man *non ens* in law, and therefore of no force." Here, too, James's policy has worked well. How could men dare or persevere under such a cloud?

How, indeed, could they have found heart to sail at all? The only answer is, that they knew Raleigh well enough to have utter faith in him, and that Keymis himself knew of the mine.

Puppies at home in England gave out that he had killed himself from remorse at having deceived so many gentlemen with an imaginary phantom. Every one of course, according to his measure of charity, has power and liberty to assume any motive which he will. Ours is simply the one which shews upon the face of the documents; that the old follower, devoted alike to the dead son and to the doomed father, feeling that he had, he scarce knew how, failed in the hour of need, frittered away the last chance of a mighty enterprise, which had been his fixed idea for years, and ruined the man whom he adored, avenged upon himself the fault of having disobeyed orders, given peremptorily, and to be peremptorily executed.

Here, perhaps, our tale should end; for all beyond is but the waking of the corpse. The last death-struggle of the Elizabethan heroism is over, and all its remains vanish slowly, in an undignified, sickening way. All epics end so. After the war of Troy, Achilles must die by coward Paris's arrow, in some mysterious, confused, pitiful fashion; and stately Hecuba must rail herself into a very dog, and bark forever shamefully around lonely Cynossema. Young David ends as a dotard—Solomon as worse. Glorious Alexander must die half of fever, half of drunkenness, as the fool dieth.

Charles the Fifth, having thrown away all but his follies, ends in a convent, a superstitious imbecile; Napoleon squabbles to the last with Sir Hudson Lowe about champagne. It must be so; and the glory must be God's alone. For in great men, and great times, there is nothing good or vital, but what is of God, and not of man's self. And when He taketh away that divine breath they die, and return again to their dust. But the earth does not lose; for when He sendeth forth His spirit they live, and renew the face of the earth. A new generation arises, with clearer sight, with fuller experience, sometimes with nobler aims; and,—

"The old order changeth, giving place to the new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways."

The Elizabeth epic did not end a day too soon. There was no more life left in it; and God had something better in store for England. Raleigh's ideal was a noble one: but God's was nobler far. Raleigh would have made her a gold kingdom, like Spain, and destroyed her very vitals by that gold, as Spain was destroyed. And all the while the great and good God was looking steadfastly upon that little, struggling, Virginian village, Raleigh's first born, forgotten in his new, mighty dreams, and saying, "Here will I dwell, for I have a delight therein." There, and not in Guiana; upon the simple tillers of the soil, not among wild, reckless gold-hunters, would his blessing rest. The very coming darkness would bring brighter light. The evil age itself would be the parent of new good, and drive across the seas steadfast Pilgrim Fathers, and generous Royalist Cavaliers, to be the parents of a mightier nation than has ever yet possessed the earth. Verily, God's ways are wonderful, and his counsels in the great deep.

So ends the Elizabethan epic. Must we follow the corpse to the grave? It is necessary.

And now, "you gentlemen of England who sit at home at ease," what would you have done in like case?—Your last die thrown: your last stake lost; your honor, as you fancy, stained forever; your eldest son dead in battle—What would you have done? What Walter Raleigh did was this: He kept his promise. He had promised Lord Arundel to return to England; and return he did.

But it is said his real intention, as he himself confessed, was to turn pirate, and take the Mexico fleet.

That wild thoughts of such a deed may have crossed his mind, may have been a terrible temptation to him, may even have broken out in hasty words, one does not deny. He himself says that he spoke of such a thing,

"to keep his men together." All depends on how the words were spoken. The form of the sentence, the tone of voice, is everything. Who could blame him, if, seeing some of the captains whom he had most trusted deserting him, his men heaping him with every slander, and as he solemnly swore on the scaffold, calling witnesses thereto by name, forcing him to take an oath that he would not return to England before they would have him, and locking him into his own cabin—who could blame him, we ask, for saying, in that daring off-hand way of his, which has so often before got him into trouble, "Come, my lads, do not despair. If the worst comes to the worst, there is the Plate-fleet to fall back upon?" When we remember, too, that the taking of the said Plate-fleet was, in Raleigh's eyes, an altogether just thing; and that he knew perfectly, that if he succeeded therein, he would be backed by the public opinion of all England, and probably buy his pardon of James, who, if he loved Spain well, loved money better; our surprise rather is, that he did not go and do it. As for any meeting of captains in his cabin, and serious proposal of such a plan, we believe it to be simply one of the innumerable lies which James inserted in his declaration, gathered from the tales of men, who fearing (and reasonably,) lest their heads should follow Raleigh's, tried to curry favor by slandering him. This "Declaration" has been so often exposed, that we may safely pass it by; and pass by almost as safely, the argument which some have drawn from a chance expression of his in his pathetic letter to Lady Raleigh, in which he "hopes that God would send him somewhat before his return." To prove an intention of piracy in the despairing words of a ruined man writing to comfort a ruined wife for the loss of her first-born, is surely to deal out hard measure. Heaven have mercy upon us, if all the hasty words which we have wrung from our hearts are to be so judged either by man or God!

Sir Julius Cæsar, again, one of the commission appointed to examine him, informs us that on being confronted with Captains St. Leger and Pennington, he confessed that he proposed the taking of the Mexico fleet, if the mine failed. To which we can only answer, that all depends on how the thing was said, and that this is the last fact which we should find in Sir Julius's notes which are, it is confessed, so confused, obscure, and full of gaps, as to be often hardly intelligible. The same remark applies to Wilson's story, which we agree with Mr. Tytler in thinking worthless. Wilson, it must be understood, is employed, after Raleigh's return, as a spy upon him, which office he executes, all confess, (and Wilson himself as much as any,) as falsely, treacherously, and hypocritically as did ever

sinful man; and, *inter alia*, he has this, "This day he told me what discourse he and the Lord Chancellor had about taking the Plate-fleet, which he confessed he would have taken had he lighted on it. To which my Lord Chancellor said, 'Why, you would have been a pirate.'" "Oh," quoth he, "did you ever know of any that were pirates for millions? They only that wish for small things are pirates." Now, setting aside the improbability that Raleigh should go out of his way to impeach himself to the man whom he must have known was set there to find matter for his death, all, we say, depends on how it was said. If the Lord Chancellor ever said to Raleigh, "To take the Mexico fleet would be piracy," it would be just like Raleigh to give such an answer. The speech is a perfectly true one: Raleigh knew the world, no man better; and saw through its hollowness, and the cant and hypocrisy of his generation; and he sardonically states an undeniable fact. He is not expressing his own morality, but that of the world, just as he is doing in that passage of his apology, about which we must complain of Mr. Napier. "It was a maxim of his," says Mr. Napier, "that good success admits of no examination." This is not fair. The sentence in the original goes on, "so the contrary allows of no excuse, however reasonable and just whatsoever." His argument all through the beginning of the apology, supported by instance on instance from history, is,—I cannot get a just hearing, because I have failed in opening this mine. So it is always. Glory covers the multitude of sins. But a man who has failed is a fair mark for every slanderer, puppy, ignoramus, discontented mutineer; as I am now. What else, in the name of common sense, could have been his argument?—Does Mr. Napier really think that Raleigh, even in the face of all the noble and pious words which he had written, he held so immoral a doctrine, would have been shameless and senseless enough to assert his own rascality in an apology addressed to the most "religious" of kings in the most canting of generations.

But still more astonished are we at the use which Mr. Napier has made of Capt. Parker's letter. The letter is written by a man in a state of frantic rage and disappointment.—There never was any mine, he believes now. Keymis's "delays we found mere illusions; for he was false to all men and hateful to himself, loathing to livesince he could do no more villany. I will speak no more of this hateful fellow to God and man." And it is on the testimony of a man in this temper that we are asked to believe that "the admiral and vice-admiral," Raleigh and St. Leger, are going to the Western Islands "to look for homeward-bound men," if, indeed, the looking for home-

ward-bound men means really looking for the Spanish fleet, and not merely recruits for their crews. We never recollect (and we have read pretty fully the sea-records of those days) such a synonym used either for the Mexican or Indian fleet. But let this be as it may, the letter proves too much. For, first, it proves, that whosoever is not going to turn pirate, our calm and charitable friend Captain Parker is; for "for my part, by the permission of God, I will either *make a voyage*, or bury myself in the sea." Now, what making a voyage is, all men know; and the sum total of the letter is, that a man intending to turn pirate himself, accuses, under the influence of violent passion, his comrades of doing the like. We may believe him about himself: about others, we shall wait for testimony a little less interested.

But the letter proves too much again. For Parker says that "Whitney and Woolaston are gone off a-head to look for homeward-bound men," thus agreeing with Raleigh's message to his wife, that "Whitney, for whom I sold all my plate at Plymouth, and to whom I gave more credit and countenance than to all the captains of my fleet, ran from me at the Grenadas, and Woolaston with him."

And now, reader, how does this of Whitney, and Woolaston, and Parker's intentions to pirate separately, (if it be true,) agree with King James's story of Raleigh's calling a council of war and proposing an attack on the Plate-fleet? One or the other must needs be a lie; probably both. Whitney's ship was of only 160 tons; Woolaston's probably smaller. Five such ships would be required, as any reader of Hakluyt must know, to take a single Carack; and it would be no use running the risk of hanging for any less prize. The Spanish main was warned and armed, and the Western Isles also. Is it possible that these two men would have been insane enough in such circumstances, to go without Raleigh, if if they could have gone with him? And is it possible that he, if he had any set purpose of attacking the Plate-fleet, would not have kept them in order to attempt that with him, which neither they nor he could do without each other? Moreover, no piratical act ever took place, (and if any had, we would have heard enough about it;) and why is Parker to be believed against Raleigh alone, when there is little doubt that he slandered all the rest of the captains? Lastly, it was to this very Parker, with Mr. Tresham, and another gentleman, that Raleigh appealed by name on the scaffold, as witnesses that it was his crew who tried to keep him from going home, and not he them.

Our own belief is, and it is surely simple and rational enough, that Raleigh's "brains," as he said, "were broken;" that he had no distinct plan: but that loath to leave the new

world without a second attempt on Guiana, he went up to Newfoundland to re-virtual, "and with good hope," (as he wrote to Winwood himself,) "of keeping the sea till August with some four reasonable good ships;" (probably, as Oldys remarks, to try a trading voyage,) but found his gentleman too dispirited and incredulous, his men too mutinous to do anything; and seeing his ships go home one by one, at last followed them himself, because he had promised Arundel and Pembroke so to do, having, after all, as he declared on the scaffold, extreme difficulty in persuading his men to land at all in England. The other lies about him as of his having intended to desert his soldiers in Guiana, his having taken no tools to work the mine, and so forth, one only notices to say, that the declaration takes care to make the most of them, without deigning (after its fashion) to adduce any proof but anonymous hearsays. If it be true that Bacon drew up that famous document, it reflects no credit either on his honesty or his "inductive science."

So Raleigh returns, anchors in Plymouth. He finds that Captain North has brought home the news of his mishaps, and that there is a proclamation against him, (which by the bye lies, for it talks of limitations and cautions given to Raleigh which do not appear in his commission,) and, moreover, a warrant out for his apprehension. He sends his men on shore, and starts for London to surrender himself, in company with faithful Captain King, who alone clings to him to the last, and from whom we have details the next few days. Near Ashburton, he is met by Sir Lewis Stukely, his near kinsman, vice-admiral of Devon, who has orders to arrest him. Raleigh tells him that he has saved him the trouble; and the two return to Plymouth, where Stukely, strangely enough, leaves him at liberty, and rides about the country. We are slow in imputing baseness: but we cannot help suspecting from Stukely's subsequent conduct, that he had from the first private orders to give Raleigh a chance of trying to escape, in order to have a handle against him, such as his own deeds had not yet given.

The ruse, if it existed then (as it did afterwards) succeeds. Raleigh hears bad news. Gondomar has (or has not) told his story to the king by crying, "Piratas! piratas! piratas!" and then rushing out without explanation. James is in terror lest what has happened should break off the darling Spanish match. Raleigh foresees ruin, perhaps death. Life is sweet, and Guiana is yet where it was. He may win a basketful of the ore still and prove himself no liar. He will escape to France. Faithful King finds him a Rochelle ship; he takes boat to her, goes half-way, and returns. Honor is sweeter than life, and James may yet be just. The next day he bribes the mas-

ter to wait for him one more day, starts for the ship once more, and again returns to Plymouth, (King will make oath) of his own free will. The temptation must have been terrible, and the sin none. What kept him from yielding, but innocence and honor? He will clear himself; and if not, abide the worst. Stukely and James found out these facts, and made good use of them afterwards. For now comes "a severe letter from my Lords" to bring Raleigh up as speedily as his health will permit; and with it comes one Mannourie, a French quack, of whom honest King takes little note at the time, but who will make himself remembered.

And now begins a series of scenes most pitiable. Raleigh's brains are indeed broken. He is old, worn-out with the effects of his fever, lame, ruined, broken-hearted, and for the first time in his life, weak and silly. He takes into his head the paltriest notion that he can gain time to pacify the king by feigning himself sick. He puts implicit faith in the rogue Mannourie, whom he has never seen before. He sends forward Lady Raleigh to London—perhaps ashamed, (as who would not have been?) to play the fool in that sweet presence; and with her good Captain King, who is to engage one Cotterell, an old servant of Raleigh's, to find a ship wherein to escape, if the worst comes to the worst. Cotterell sends King to an old boatswain of his, who owns a ketch. She is to lie off Tilbury; and so King waits Raleigh's arrival. What passed in the next four or five days will never be truly known, for our only account comes from two self-convicted villains, Stukely and Mannourie. On these disgusting details we shall not enter. First, because we cannot trust a word of them; secondly, because no one will wish to hear them who feels, as we do, how pitiable and painful is the sight of a great heart and mind utterly broken. Neither shall we spend time on Stukely's villanous treatment of Raleigh, (for which he had a commission from James in writing,) his pretending to help him to escape, going down the Thames in a boat with him, trying in vain to make honest King as great a rogue as himself. Like most rascalities, Stukely's conduct, even as he himself states it, is very obscure. All that we can see is, that Cotterell told Stukely everything; that Stukely bade Cotterell carry on the deceit; that Stukely had orders from head-quarters to incite Raleigh to say or do something which might form a fresh ground of accusal; that being a clumsy rogue, he failed, and fell back on abetting Raleigh's escape, as a last resource. Be it as it may, he throws off the mask as soon as Raleigh has done enough to prove an intent to escape; arrests him, and conducts him to the Tower.

There two shameful months are spent in

trying to find out some excuse for Raleigh's murder. Wilson is set over him as a spy; his letters to his wife are intercepted. Every art is used to extort a confession of a great plot with France, and every art fails utterly—simply, it seems to us, because there was no plot. Raleigh writes an apology, letters of entreaty, self-justification, what not; all, in our opinion, just and true enough; but like his speech on the scaffold, weak, confused—the product of a “broken brain.” However, his head must come off; and as a last resource, it must be taken off upon the sentence of fifteen years ago, and he who was condemned for plotting with Spain, must die for plotting against her. It is a pitiable business: but, as Osborne says, in a passage, (p. 108 of his *Memoirs of James*), for which we freely forgive him all his sins and lies, (and they are many).—

“As the foolish idolaters were wont to sacrifice the choicest of their children to the devil, so our king gave up his incomparable jewel to the will of this monster of ambition, (the Spaniard,) under the pretence of a superannuated transgression, contrary to the opinion of the more honest sort of gownsmen, who maintained that his Majesty's pardon lay inclusively in the commission he gave him on his setting out to sea; it being incongruous that he, who remained under the notion of one dead in the law, should as a general dispose of the lives of others, not being himself master of his own.”

But no matter. He must die. The Queen intercedes for him, as do all honest men; but in vain. He has twenty-four hours notice to prepare for death; eats a good breakfast, takes a cup of sack and a pipe; makes a rambling speech, in which one notes only the intense belief that he is an honest man, and the intense desire to make others believe so, in the very smallest matters; and then dies smiling, as one weary of life. One makes no comment. Raleigh's life really ended on the day that poor Keymis returned from San Thomé.

And then?

As we said, Truth is stranger than fiction. No dramatist dare invent a “poetic justice” more perfect than fell upon the traitor. It is not always so, no doubt. God reserves many a great sinner for that most awful of all punishments, impunity. But there are crises in a nation's life in which God makes terrible examples, to put before the most stupid and sensual the choice of Hercules, the upward road of life, the downward one which leads to the pit. Since the time of Pharaoh and the Red Sea host, history is full of such palpable, unmistakable revelations of the Divine Nemesis; and in England, too, at that moment, the crisis was there; and the judgment of God was revealed accordingly. Sir Lewis Stukely remained it seems at Court; high in favor with

James: but he found, nevertheless, that people looked darkly on him. Like all self-convinced rogues, he must needs thrust his head into his own shame, and one day he goes to good old Lord Charles Howard's house; for being Vice-Admiral of Devon, he has affairs with the old Armada hero. The old lion explodes in an unexpected roar. “Darest thou come into my presence, thou base fellow, who art reputed the common scorn and contempt of all men? Were it not in mine own house, I would cudgel thee with my staff for presuming to speak to me!” Stukely, his tail between his legs, goes off and complains to James. “What should I do with him? Hang him? On my sawle, mon, if I hung all that spoke ill of thee, all the trees in the island were too few.” Such is the gratitude of kings, thinks Stukely, and retires to write foolish pamphlets in self-justification, which, unfortunately for his memory, still remain to make bad worse.

Within twelve months he, the rich and proud Vice-Admiral of Devon, with a shield of sixteen quarterings, and the blood-royal in his veins, was detected debasing the King's coin within the precincts of the royal palace, together with his old accomplice, who, being taken, confessed that his charges against Raleigh were false. He fled, a ruined man, back to his native county, and his noble old seat at Afton; but Atë is on the heels of such,—

“Slowly she tracks him and sure, as a lymehound, sudden she grips him,
Crushing him in his pride, for a sign and a terror to mortals.”

A terrible plebiscitum had been passed in the West country against the betrayer of its last Worthy. The gentlemen closed their doors against him; the poor refused him, (so goes the legend,) fire and water. Driven by the Furies, he fled from Afton, and wandered northward to the vale of Taw, away to Appledore, and there took boat, and out into the boundless Atlantic, over the bar, now crowded with shipping for which Raleigh's genius had discovered a new trade and a new world.

Sixteen miles to the westward, like a blue cloud on the horizon, rises the Ultima Thule of Devon, the little isle of Lundy. There one outlying peak of granite, carrying up a shelf of slate upon its southern flank, has risen through the waves, and formed an island some three miles long, desolate, flat-headed, fretted, by every frost and storm, walled all around with four feet of granite cliff, sacred only, (then at least,) to puffins and to pirates. Over the single landing place frowns from the cliff the keep of an old ruin, “Moresco Castle,” as they call it still, where some bold rover, Sir John De Moresco, in the times of the old Edwards, worked his works of darkness; a gray,

weird, uncanny pile of moorstone, through which all the winds of heaven howl day and night.

In a chamber of that ruin died Sir Lewis Stukely, Lord of Afton, cursing God and man.

His family perished out of Devon. His noble name is now absorbed in that of an ancient Virginian merchant of Bideford; and Afton, burned to the ground a few years after, mouldered to an ivied ruin, on whose dark arch the benighted peasant even now looks askance as on an evil place, and remembers the tale of "the wicked Sir Lewis," and the curse which fell on him and on his house.

These things are true. Said we not well that reality is stranger than romance?

But no Nemesis followed James.

The answer will depend much upon what readers consider to be a Nemesis. If to have found England one of the greatest countries in Europe, and to have left it one of the most inconsiderable and despicable; if to be fooled by flatterers to the top of his vent, until he fancied himself all but a god, while he was not even a man, and could neither speak the truth, keep himself sober, or look on a drawn sword without shrinking; if, lastly, to have left behind him a son who, in spite of many chivalrous instincts, unknown to his father, had been so indoctrinated in that father's vices, as to find it impossible to speak the truth even when it served his purpose; if all these things be no Nemesis, then none fell on James Stuart.

But of that son, at least, the innocent blood was required. He, too, had his share in the sin. In Carew Raleigh's simple and manful petition to the Commons of England for the restoration of his inheritance, we find a significant fact, stated without one word of comment, bitter or otherwise. At Prince Henry's death, the Sherborne lands had been given again to Carr, Lord Somerset. To him, too, "the whirligig of time brought round its revenges," and he lost them when arraigned and condemned for poisoning Sir Thomas Overbury. Then Sir John Digby, afterwards Earl of Bristol, begged Sherborne of the king, and had it. Pembroke (Shakspeare's Pembroke) brought young Carew to Court, hoping to move the tyrant's heart. James saw him and shuddered; perhaps conscience-stricken, perhaps of mere cowardice. "He looked like the ghost of his father," as he well might, to that guilty soul. Good Pembroke advised his young kinsman to travel, which he did till James's death in the next year. Then coming over, (this is his own story,) he asked of Parliament to be restored in blood, that he might inherit aught that might fall to him in England. His petition was read twice in the Lords. Whereon "King Charles sent Sir James Fullarton (then of the bed chamber) to Mr. Ra-

leigh, to command him to come to him; and being brought in, the king, after using him with great civility, notwithstanding told him plainly, that when he was prince, he had promised the Earl of Bristol to secure his title to Sherborne against the heirs of Sir Walter Raleigh; whereon the earl had given him, then prince, ten thousand pounds: that now he was bound to make good his promise, being king; that, therefore, unless he would quit his right and title to Sherborne, he neither could or would pass his bill of restoration.

Young Raleigh, like a good Englishman, "urged," he says, "the justness of his cause; that he desired only the liberty of the subject, and to be left to the law, which was never denied any freeman." The king remained obstinate. His noble brother's loved for the mighty dead weighed nothing with him, much less justice. Poor young Raleigh was forced to submit. The act for his restoration was past, reserving Sherborne for Lord Bristol, and Charles patched up the scoundrelly affair by allowing to Lady Raleigh and her son after her, a life pension of four hundred a year.

Young Carew tells his story simply, and without a note of bitterness; though he professes his intent to range himself and his two sons for the future under the banner of the Commons of England, he may be a royalist for any word beside. Even where he mentions the awful curse of his mother, he only alludes to its fulfilment by—"that which hath happened since to that royal family, is too sad and disastrous for me to repeat, and yet too visible not to be discerned." We can have no doubt that he tells the exact truth. Indeed the whole story fits Charles's character to the smallest details. The want of any real sense of justice, combined with the false notion of honor; the implacable obstinacy; the contempt for that law by which alone he held his crown; the combination of unkingly meanness in commanding a private interview, and shamelessness in confessing his own rascality—all these are true notes of the man who could attempt to imprison the five members, and yet organized the Irish rebellion; who gave up Stafford and Laud to death as his scapegoats, and yet pretended to die himself a martyr for that episcopacy which they brave, though insane, had defended to death long before. But he must have been a rogue early in life, and a needy rogue too. That ten thousand pounds of Lord Bristol's money should make many a sentimentalist reconsider (if, indeed, sentimentals can be made to consider, or even to consider, any thing) their notion of him as the incarnation of pious chivalry.

At least the ten thousand pounds cost Charles dear. The widow's curse followed him home. Naseby fight and the Whitehall scaffold were God's judgment of such deeds, whatever man's may be.

ZAIDEE: A ROMANCE.

PART VI.—BOOK II.

CHAPTER VIII.—SCHOOL.

It is a day of great exhaustion and languor in Bedford Place. Every one who comes up-stairs, comes with dragging footsteps, slow and toilsome; every one who enters the drawing-room sinks despondingly on sofa or easy-chair, and exclaims of being "so tired!" The flatness of excitement overpast is upon the whole house. The maids yawn at their work, and Buttons himself looks half asleep. The drawing-room is carelessly arranged, the little parlor in a litter, and Mrs. Disbrowe's own apartment strewn with ends of ribbon and scraps of thread; but Mrs. Disbrowe, too tired to find fault, passes over these shortcomings with unwonted forbearance. Breakfast is late, and there is no freshness in the morning; but every one is submissive, and bears with charred toast and cold tea with a singular magnanimity. Even mamma has forgotten her pink ribbons this morning, and Minnie is not sent off in disgrace for her ravelled locks and broken-down slippers. It is the first day after the marriage day; the first morning on which the family have awoke to find Charlotte gone.

Papa, who does not say anything, instinctively feels the air chilly this morning, and lounges over the fire in his dressing-gown when he should have been at his office. Leo is pale, and somehow reminds one strongly of those baskets of empty wine-bottles which stand below in the hall. Mrs. Disbrowe, presiding at the table, forgets who takes tea and who coffee, and, with a motherly sigh, misses Charlotte, who was her deputy here. It was a very merry wedding, marked by few sentimentalities; and father and mother are glad to have their child so well married, and proud of the display of friends, the sparkling table, and the gay procession. There was nothing to lament about in the whole business; and Mrs. Disbrowe pretended to no particular refinement of tenderness. Notwithstanding, this first morning, everybody perceived the first break in the family; everybody was a little uncomfortable, and felt a want and vacancy. She was their Charlotte, this careless young lady, and they missed her when she was gone.

So mamma, for all her activity, will rather waste this morning, sitting on a sofa musing, living yesterday over again, and taking little note of to-day. Minnie, unproved for once, will sit at the window with a novel in her lap. There will be so much to talk about down stairs, that the household work will fare badly, and Mrs. Disbrowe's dinner turn out much less perfect than usual. In such a well-governed house, this momentary lull does no harm. One day to the memory of Miss Charlotte Disbrowe is an abundant sacrifice. Mamma will talk of her daughter, Mrs. Lancaster, and be herself after to-morrow.

But the languor of the rest of the house has not reached to the nursery. Everything is elaborately correct and proper to-day in this high-seated domain. If Nurse longs in the depths of her heart to share the gossip in the kitchen, Nurse is prudent, and keeps her desire under

cover. Rosie and Lettie, seated together as usual, are unfolding their work at a window. Jack, in profound contemplation, studies the basin of pure water in which he has launched his boat. Harry is busily occupied making a paper boat, to rival that famous production of wood. Sissy and Tommy play at cat's cradle. They are all pursuing their amusements elaborately, and not with the freedom of common use. Some hidden movement of rebellion is in the nursery to-day.

For upon the table are a number of books well thumbed, and worn with use—primers, spelling-books, reading-books, little grammars and geographies, and well-inked copy-lines. There also lies a light cane, once a potent sceptre in the firm hand of Charlotte; and beside this table, pale, and somewhat agitated, Miss Francis sits restlessly, trembling with uncertainty and confusion, looking upon all these childish faces, which are full of resistance, wondering to see how unlovely they are; nervous and afraid of speaking to them, ready to cry with vexation, with wistful eagerness and shame. Yes, it is very true. The poor young girlish governess is not only afraid of Minnie, but of the very youngest and smallest of Minnie's brothers and sisters, and has not the faintest idea how she must begin with them, nor plan for managing the small unruly population given to her care.

And Nurse, coming and going silently, shakes her head, and makes signs to Zaidée, warning her to begin; then, sitting down close by her, touches her now and then with her elbow. Finding all this insufficient, Nurse at last opens her lips and whispers, "Miss! sure you'll never get the better of them, if you never try. Why can't you begin, honey? They're waiting, every soul of them: say they're to come and get their lessons. Sure I'd try."

Thus admonished, Zaidée, turning very white and very red, gathers up her courage. It is strange how unsympathetic, how full of hard and pitiless opposition, these little faces are, as the distressed girl looks round upon them. They have no compassion for her utter solitude, her terror of themselves. These children are all set against her, each after its own fashion; the instincts of the childish heart are not touched in gentleness for her. She is only their natural enemy, the new governess, and these little tyrants would crush her if they could.

"Will you come and read? Mrs. Disbrowe said you should," said Zaidée, addressing Rosie and Lettie. Neither Rosie nor Lettie were discomposed; but the breath of the questioner came quick, and her voice was timid and hurried. Poor Zaidée, at fourteen, in the fright and novelty and desolateness of her new position, could by no means look authoritative or dignified.

"Oh, please, we have some work to do for mamma," said Rosie, whose heart smote her a little, as she looked up at Zaidée's face. "Mamma never said we were to get our lessons to you. I am sure you cannot teach us," said the less amiable Lettie. From this unpromising commencement Zaidée shrank, making no answer. Her natural candor was almost too much for her at this conjuncture. It was quiet possible, after

all, that this solemn us, the twins of Bedford Place, were already too learned to be instructed by her.

"Why, then, and the young lady has nothing to do but ask your mamma?" cried Nurse, the sole support of the stranger. "Oh, children, is that all the memory you have for what I told you?"

But even with Nurse's support Zaidée did not venture to return to the charge. She was no match for these precocious little women. The little boys might possibly be more propitious. This trembling representative of instruction turned to them.

"Will you come, then?" said Zaidée, who had not courage to call Jack and Harry by their names; "you have only to read and say your lessons, and I am sure it does not matter who hears you."

"Doesn't it, though?" cried Harry—phlegmatic Jack meanwhile sucking his finger, and saying nothing, as he stands apart in the invincible might of passive resistance; "it matters to me! I won't say my lessons to a woman; not if you were twice as big, and twice as old. I won't have a girl ordering me, now Charlotte's married. I'll go to school. I won't say my lessons to you!"

Then she turned round very swiftly and suddenly, and stooped to the younger members of the family, who sat on the floor behind. "Little children, will you let me teach you?" said Zaidée; "you should be good, you are such little ones. Will you come to me?"

Sissy Disbrowe tossed her small head with infantine disdain. "Miss Francis means Tommy; it is not me," said Sissy; while Tommy roared manfully, "I won't say any lessons to anybody; no! no! no!"

The poor little governess stood alone, facing this amiable family, every member of which, stimulated and encouraged by the example of the others, faced her with the triumph of successful sedition. Zaidée ceased trembling, after a moment, and became very upright and very pale.

"This is what Mrs. Disbrowe keeps me for," said Zaidée; "she does not want me for anything else; I have no right to stay with her. I am here only because I am to teach you. I know very little—it is all quite true; but I am to hear you your lessons. That is what I am here for; and I am obliged to do it, or I must go away. I have no friends. I cannot go away unless Mrs. Disbrowe sends me. It is not that I love to teach, or that I am very good for it; but I must—do you hear me?—I must; because I am here for no other thing."

When Zaidée had said her speech, she remained still looking round upon them all, her dark face lighted up with resolve and decision. The children still confronted her, all of them rebellious and unmoved. What was she to do, to express in purpose what she had said in words?

Poor ignorant child! she was bewildered and stunned to the heart. She could not do anything; not an idea came to Zaidée of how she could reduce into subordination this little contumacious company. Her words came back to her

with a dreary echo—she *must* do it; but the children were all quite fearless and indifferent to her, while she trembled before them. She would not shed tears in their sight; but the tears, notwithstanding, blinded her eyes. She stood in the centre of the room, sick-at heart. What should she do?

But the door opened at the moment, and with a sudden start the countenances changed before her. Mamma had come herself to superintend the first day's teaching. How it was, Zaidée could not tell; but before half an hour was over, two gentle little pupils, being no other than Rosie and Lettie, whilom leaders of the insurrection, stood before her, meekly reading their lessons. To defy the governess was easy enough, but it was quite a different matter to defy mamma.

CHAPTER IX.—SYMPATHY.

"A little pack of plagues—no better. Miss, darlin', do you hear me? Sure it's you will have your hands full of them."

"Did you speak to me, Nurse?" asked Zaidée.

"Was it speak to you? I was mourning for you, poor soul, and you so young," said Nurse, compassionately; "it isn't the like of this you've been used with, I can see, for all so little as you say."

But Zaidée was unresponsive, and did not understand the pity bestowed upon her. She looked up for an instant with one of her wistful looks, half vacant, half inquiring, and then returned silently to her work, which was "plain-sewing"—sewing of the very plainest, such as there was considerable need for in Mrs. Disbrowe's well-populated house.

"I wouldn't lay myself out for more trades nor one, I wouldn't," continued Nurse. "I'd not be slaving all the night if I had to fight with them little bothers all the day. I'd be one thing or another, and not let nobody take the advantage of me. The lady is none so great a friend to you."

The girl looked up once more with her half-awakened eyes, but Zaidée could not be persuaded to pity herself on this score. From a long, long distance off the summit and elevation of her own thoughts, she looked upon Nurse, who pitied the poor young governess. All the while Mrs. Disbrowe's plain-sewing went on unconsciously, and on the table between the windows you could see the school-books and copy-books gathered in a little heap. Zaidée was wearied with a real day's work, but the sensation was pleasant to her. True, she had been blinded with tears of vexation and embarrassment more than once to-day; but her thoughts were so very far removed from making a grievance of this, or of anything else in the lot she had chosen, that the simple-hearted child did not even apprehend the idea when it was presented to her; for Zaidée not only did Mrs. Disbrowe's plain-sewing willingly, but with devotion, and had a secret satisfaction in doing it, while with infinite care she regulated her even line of stitches, thinking to please Aunt Vivian in the homely work which Aunt Vivian should never see.

"Bless the child!" said Nurse, impatiently

"Don't you know what I mean, then; or are you afeared to speak your mind for me telling on you? Never a one needs be afeared of me.

"I am not afraid," said Zaidée.

"Then, why don't you answer me frank, when I am sorry for you?" said the perplexed Nurse.

It was very bad policy to be silent; for nothing could have irritated Nurse so much as this quiet upward look, wistful, and something startled; but Zaidée was unused to emergencies, and, quite puzzled, could find nothing to say.

"O, then, and it's you would try a saint!" said the provoked sympathizer. "You are as well off as you want to be, are you, and don't want no kindness from the likes of me?"

"Yes, Nurse," said simple Zaidée. "I am well off, am I not? But I like to see your face look kindly—I have no one else to look kind upon me now."

"Well, then, wasn't that what I said?" cried Nurse; "and why do you be tasing decent people out of their patience?—wasn't I mourning for you, all by yourself, and making a lament for such a young child cast upon the world, and giving you a word of advice—and you to turn the cold shoulder on me like this!"

But to Nurse's infinite astonishment this pathetic appeal produced neither apology nor justification, nor so much as a passing notice; for when Zaidée spoke again, it was to ask a question, striking sharp off from this personal discussion.

"Is it long, Nurse, since you came from home?"

"From home!" The heart of the elderly woman was surprised back again for a moment into childhood. "Lord bless you, honey, what's the meaning of the word to me? I went among strangers when I was ten years old, and ever since hither and thither I've gone to earn my bread; this one's kitchen and the other one's nursery,—that's all the home there's been to me in this world for five-and-thirty years. Sure is the word that says service is no heritage. Ay, did the child say home? There was a cabin oncet, and an auld lone woman in it—well, well, we'll spake o' that no more."

"Was that your mother, Nurse?" said Zaidée, looking up with her awed and earnest eyes, and with the simple interest and curiosity of a child.

"Hush, darlin'; sure it's many a year ago—the saints make her bed—the heavens be her rest," said Nurse, turning her head aside with devout mutterings, which Zaidée did not understand; for Nurse, whom fortune and Mrs. Disbrowe compelled to keep very quiet in respect to her faith, was an orthodox Catholic at heart. "I'm a lone woman now myself, Miss," continued Nurse, wiping from the corner of her eye the ghost of a tear. "There's neither child nor kin to make a moan for me—girl and woman, I've lived with strangers. O, then, but it's a weary time since I came away from home!"

"And why did you come—did they send you away?" asked Zaidée, anxiously.

"Them that was round the board was more

nor aigual to what was on it," said Nurse, solemnly. "Many a one's been drove like me by the hunger and the poverty. Boys and girls we were eleven of us, and life is sweet. We were scattered from the door like the thistle down, and one fell here, and one fell there, and this boy 'listed for a souldier, and that boy went to sea. Brother and sister, father and mother, every one's dead and gone but me; and for all so many times I've thought my heart was clean broke, yet sure, Miss, you see me here."

"Did you ever wish your heart would break?" asked Zaidée with great earnestness. Her simple mind was already comparing its own experiences with the experiences of this long-lived woman. The sincere and unenlightened child could see no difference between her own fourteen and Nurse's five-and-forty years; nor between the child of an Irish cabin and the favorite of the Grange. The widest catholicity was in Zaidée's simple heart; in the broad estimate she formed of nature and its primitive emotions, distinctions of sphere or station were unknown.

"Ever and always I had to earn my bread," said Nurse, slowly. "I've been a hard-working woman, lone, and poor, with never another to mind but only meself from one year's end to another; but life is sweet. My heart was broke entirely in my young days with trouble and sorrow, but I never brought them by wishing. No, honey, grief's sore, but life's precious—I'll wait my Maker's time."

"Do you think it is a sin to wish to die?" asked Zaidée, looking up once more with her wistful eyes.

"O, then, isn't it a sin to cross the Lord's will any way?" said Nurse, with a shudder. Spite of all her loneliness and hardship, this poor woman felt that truly the light was sweet, and it was a pleasant thing to behold the sun.

"I would not wish it, all for my own sake," said Zaidée very rapidly, and under her breath. "But if it would be good for some one else, what would you do then?"

"Heart alive! Do you take me for a haithen, child?" said the offended Nurse. "Never man nor woman all my days was the worse of me."

Zaidée, who was looking up at her with earnest inquiry, suddenly dropped her anxious eyes, to which the tears came in a momentary flood. She could not see her needle nor her line of even stitches for the moment—she could only see the dreary fortune which had made her dearest friends so much "the worse" for her. When the blindness cleared away, the poor child went on eagerly with her plain-sewing, and with a deep unspoken thankfulness looked round upon the bare walls of Mrs. Disbrowe's nursery. It was but a cold ungracious dwelling-place for one who had been nursed in such a home of love and kindness, and an approaching din of sound made the young governess shrink aside to a corner of the fireplace, that she might not shut out these noisy happy children from the hearth which belonged to them. Yet not a murmur of repining was in Zaidée's mind. Her first "trouble" was great enough to swallow up all smaller ones. Philip's supplanter, the legal but most unwilling heiress of the Grange, had no room in her un-

sophisticated thoughts for the little personal injuries of her new lot,—she was so very thankful to be here out of Philip's way, and separated from the home where she could never again be only Zaidee, the dependent and spoiled child. Poor homely Irish Nurse! she could by no means understand this strange young companion of hers,—they conversed together in common language, but in understanding had a world between them, though neither was aware of it: and Nurse was Zaidee's sole companion through these long evenings. Books were not to be had, nor, had they been attainable, would she have cared for reading now; for Zaidee's mind had taken a stride far away from the world of fiction and fancy, and she was busy with her own mystery for long hours, which, in other circumstances, she would have spent over the innocent mysteries of story telling. Zaidee's literature had come to be as contracted as her cousin Elizabeth's—her father's Bible and that advertisement in the *Times*. She read nothing else, but these she read every day.

CHAPTER X.—FAILURE.

"I don't see why I should mind other people's children—though they *are* my brothers and sisters," says a young lady in a very light-colored silk dress, with gay waving ribbons, and an unusual profusion of ornament. "But I suppose it's no good quarrelling with mamma, especially when one thinks of that horrid old Mrs. Lancaster. Here, Rosie and Lettie, let's see what you've been about."

But for a mystical circle of gold upon the third finger of her left hand, and the light color of her dress, which on this November day needs some excuse, you would fancy this to be Miss Charlotte Disbrowe; but when you perceive how mamma has permitted her, without a word of reproof, to take off her bonnet here, and leave it on the drawing-room table, and how there is no explanation asked of the undertone in which these last remarks are delivered, you will see at once that this is Mrs. Edward Lancaster, whose card-case lies on the table under her bonnet, and whom mamma has just requested to see what progress the children are making under their new governess. Mrs. Edward thrusts up her bracelets on her arms, very much as Mary downstairs thrusts up her sleeves when she goes to her daily labors, and, seating herself on the settee, calls before her once more the former subjects of her maiden reign.

"Do you hear, you little ones? What are you doing all day long? That last frill you hemmed for me was shamefully done—shamefully!—not much credit to Miss Francis teaching you."

"Oh, please, Charlotte, we don't let her teach us," cried the frank and indiscreet Rosie.

"She can't!" said Lettie, with a frown. "We were always good with Charlotte—you know we were; but we won't be taught by Miss Francis. She doesn't know so much as I do, nor even as Rosie does—she cannot teach us."

"Upon my word!" cried Mrs. Edward Lancaster. "I should like to know, then, what is the good of having her here?"

"O, please, Charlotte, will you speak to mamma?—we don't want to have her here," cried

Lettie—"she is not good enough for *our* governess, and we want so much to go to school!"

"Well, I confess I shall think mamma behaved very shabbily to me if she lets you go to school," said Mrs. Edward,—"*you* are saucy little things. How should you know about Miss Francis—have you got no lessons to learn? She is not half strict enough with you."

"Please, Lettie told me not to learn any lessons," confessed again Rosie the indiscreet.

"You are sweet children—it is quite a pleasure teaching you," said the married sister, administering to small sour Lettie a sharp tap on the cheek. "I'll tell mamma you are two grumbling little creatures, and ought to be whipt. There, get away—I'll have Tommy and Sissy now."

But while the twins stole off—one of them humble and tearful, the other sulky and full of wrath—Sissy, being interrogated confessed that she too was rebellious to the rule of Miss Francis, and explained, that "p'case, I like best to play;" while Tommy, a stout little recusant, snapped his plump thumb and forefinger, and echoed his elder brother's defiance of womankind, all and sundry. "She s'ant teach me!—she's only a woman!" cried the valiant Master Tom; whereupon the ready hand of Mrs. Edward visited Tommy's shoulders with another stroke.

"Upon my word! I could never have believed I was so blinded to them before I was married!" cried Mrs. Edward. "Such little rude grumbling things!—such tempers for children! Why, mamma, what do you keep that girl for?—they're not learning anything!"

"They got their lessons so irregularly, Charlotte, for some time before your marriage," said Mrs. Disbrowe with dignity, "it is not wonderful that they should be a little out of discipline."

"Well, I declare, mamma, that is very unkind of you," said Mrs. Edward Lancaster, who, a matron and married lady in her own right, veiled her bonnet to no one under the sun, "when you know what a slave I was among them, and what trouble I had, and how actually Edward had to be put off again and again, till you had got a governess. You will never treat Minnie or any of the rest as you have treated me. You made *me* the governess. I am sure you know it is quite true."

"You got a very good education, Charlotte—better than I can afford to give Minnie," said Mrs. Disbrowe, quietly. Mrs. Edward's reddening cheeks cooled down—it was not quite dignified, after all, to grumble, or to give any one occasion to say she was not the most prosperous woman in the world.

"Yes, indeed; mamma does not send me to school—mamma has no masters for me!" cried Minnie. "Never mind; I don't care though Charlotte had all the advantages; see if she does any better than I shall do. I can play as well as she can, now!"

"These children are quite unbearable," said Mrs. Edward. "Think of treating *me* like a school-girl! as if I cared for playing better than Minnie; but I tell you they are learning nothing. Mamma, what do you keep this girl for?—I am sure she is not teaching them."

"It is not very long since she came—she will

do better by-and-by," said Mrs. Disbrowe, but with a little hesitation unusual to her firm and assured tones. "They are all self-willed—I must see to the nursery lessons myself for a day or two, and the children must understand that I positively *don't* intend to send them to school. Miss Francis is young and timid—she does not like to punish them as you did, Charlotte, and that is just the disadvantage of that style of teaching. When you begin so, you must continue. There is Harry understands being whipped, I believe, but he cares for nothing less."

"And that is all my fault?" said Mrs. Edward. "Well, I am sure you are not very complimentary, mamma; but I know one thing I should never do—I should never keep a governess for children unless she could teach them; I feel quite convinced of that!"

Though Mrs. Edward Lancaster was emphatic, Mrs. Disbrowe was not dismayed; yet a certain shade of disquiet was upon the comely forehead of mamma. She was extremely well pleased when the door opened, and Buttons announced a stream of Maurices, young ladies who had seen the bride's entrance into her mother's house from their own windows opposite, and who seized the opportunity to fall upon Charlotte *en masse*, and hear at greater length than had yet been possible her foreign experiences and all the mishaps of her travel, for Charlotte had been abroad on her wedding tour. From the animated conversation which followed, mamma withdrew. It did not strike her with any wonder to hear Charlotte's voice so loud and so long-continued. It was very natural that the bride should be somewhat dictatorial and authoritative among her former companions, who were only young ladies still; and Charlotte already spoke of young ladies with a friendly contempt—they had no experience—they had nothing but music, and crochet, and such trifles to occupy them; whereas Mrs. Edward Lancaster had for a whole week been supreme in her own house, and made blunders enough to endow with experience a whole colony of brides.

Mamma withdrew into the back-ground; and upon her comely face there was a shadow of annoyance. What did she keep that girl for? There was no denying that the new governess was a failure—that whatever she might be fit for, she was not fit for the management of Mrs. Disbrowe's nursery—that even little Tommy himself could silence Miss Francis; and that she was too young—too timid—too shy—to make authority for herself among these unruly children. "What do you keep her for?" asked Mrs. Edward. Her mother almost blushed as she faltered, and could not tell. Truth to speak, Mrs. Disbrowe carries a heart under that black satin gown of hers, under that brooch, which is five-and-twenty years old—a heart where soft womanly pity and charity have made themselves a stronghold, and will not be dislodged, though they dwell under the same roof with many a worldly principle alien to their nature. It is quite against Mrs. Disbrowe's "principles" to keep a useless person in her household; hitherto it has always been her rule, when her retainers were proved incapable, to dismiss them without

more ado. But her womanly heart relents over Zaidée—she cannot thrust this poor forlorn child forth upon the world. Miss Francis cannot teach the children, and the children will not be taught by her; but Mrs. Disbrowe vainly tries to hide this fact from her own acute perceptions, and thinks of expedients and another trial, feeling, at the same time, however this may turn out, that still she cannot refuse the shelter of her roof to this solitary stranger. Many a disturbed thought the matter brings to the mind and spirit of mamma.

Meanwhile Zaidée herself labors under the same consciousness, with double diligence works at the plain-sewing, and entreats Tommy and Sissy, and the still more formidable elders of these hard-hearted children, to let her teach them. But it will not do—the nursery longs with all its heart to be dispersed into the open air of schools and play-grounds. The governess has no chance against these little conspirators, for they have all made up their minds that she shall not succeed.

CHAPTER XI.—ANOTHER TRIAL.

"Neither Rosie nor Lettie ready with their lessons! Are these children careless of what you say to them, Miss Francis?"

Mamma knows very well that they are more than careless, but puts on a stately unconsciousness to awe the rebels.

Poor Miss Francis!—she has an instinctive trust in Mrs. Disbrowe, but an instinctive terror of the children. Zaidée never found herself at the bar of justice either as culprit or accuser before, and she cannot tell what answer to make to this question. The little recusants see her falter, and grow bolder. Mrs. Disbrowe sees it, and softens into pity; for neither of them know that Zaidée's thoughts are far away wandering, and that she has to call them back over half this realm of England to meet the present need.

"O, please, mamma, Miss Francis does not give us our lessons as Charlotte used to do," says Lettie. "She speaks so low, sometimes we cannot understand her; and she does not mind us at all, but is always thinking of something else: and, please, mamma, Rosie and I would much rather go to school."

"I am obliged to you, little girls, for favoring me with your opinion," answers mamma, with awful sarcasm. "But I do not intend that you should go to school, so that question is settled. Now, I have no doubt Miss Francis minds you as much as it is possible to mind such rude children, and I have come to-day to see that you mind her."

Whereupon Lettie looks at Miss Francis, the very type and impersonation of sullen resistance and Rosie, more susceptible, begins to cry. Rosie, though she has the seniority by a few minutes over her twin sister, is very much under Lettie's sway; and if they had been born a hundred miles or a hundred years apart, there could not have been a more distinct and decided difference than between these two, the children of one hour.

"Give these little girls their tasks, Miss Francis," said mamma, "and we will see how well

they can be learned to-day. And now, Harry, take your finger out of your mouth, and put away your whip; Miss Francis is waiting for you."

Nobody dares resist this unquestionable authority. The most docile little pupils in the world stand before the hesitating Zaidée, who trembles with a shy tremor when she tries to put questions to the children in the presence of Mrs. Disbrowe. But even Lettie does not dare adventure a glance aside, or Harry fail of attention. Nurse, behind-backs, with great demonstration of quietness, is laying Sissy's little frocks into the nursery wardrobe; and now Nurse may escape down stairs for a much prized gossip with the kitchen. She is off duty this morning; and at Nurse's table solemnly sits mamma, with her fine needlework in her hand, her ears all attention, her eyes vigilantly discerning the slightest glance or movement. Such orderly, obedient, pretty-behaved children never existed as these small scions of the house of Disbrowe under the inspection of mamma.

But by-and-by intrusive sounds from below break the halcyon calm of this well-ordered schoolroom. Mamma's magisterial quiet is disturbed—she moves on her seat uneasily—looks annoyed—becomes anxious—then finally, lifting one steady glance upon the little company round her, consults her watch, and gathers up her work. "As you seem to be going on so well, I think I may leave you," says Mrs. Disbrowe. "I depend upon you, children, to pay the greatest attention to Miss Francis; and you will let me know, my dear, if you require me to exert my authority again." With this gracious parting address to the governess, the lady of the house takes her stately course down stairs—far away down stairs to the dining-room on the ground floor, to ask what is the cause of these sounds of insubordination. Alas! the insubordination in the nursery can no longer reach the ear of mamma; and with the last flutter of Mrs. Disbrowe's pink ribbons, the peace of poor Zaidée is once more scattered to the winds.

For Lettie does not scruple to bend her sullen brows upon the governess. Harry snatches his book away, and seizes his whip again; taciturn Jack has a bit of wood in his pocket, and straightway begins to whittle. Alas for poor Zaidée!—if that would do her any good, she could cry heartily; but nothing could do Zaidée less good than crying. Mamma is out of hearing—even Nurse is gone; there is no one to take her part—no one to defend her, and the little tyrants have their way.

"Mrs. Disbrowe said you were to learn your lessons—it is not honorable—it is breaking your word!" cried Zaidée. But the Misses and Masters Disbrowe were not pledged by their honor.

"It isn't breaking my word. I never promised mamma," said Harry, whose top was already spinning merrily. "Mamma doesn't know as we do," said Lettie, emboldened into childish insolence. "You cannot teach us,—you know yourself you cannot."

"I am older than you are," said Zaidée, driven to the last shift of self-defence, the pale-brown of

her complexion reddening into a violent crimson, and her eyes glowing through her tears. "I am a great many years older than you, little children. I could surely teach you something. I do not know very much myself; but I know more than you do, and your mother thinks I can teach you. Why will you not listen to me? You are at home, and I am among strangers; why will you not let me try?"

But children who are the most tender-hearted if you take them in one mood, are the hardest of all callous lookers-on if you find them in another. They had a cruel pleasure in observing her distress; there was triumph to them in thus humbling one of the grown-up people; and though Rosie all this time longed to cry with the poor governess, a dread of her sour little sister restrained the gentle-hearted twin. They all maintained a firm front against Zaidée. Mamma, if she had seen it, could scarcely have believed in the changed behavior of her children.

"We don't want a governess; you s'ould go home," cried little Sissy.

"But I cannot go home! I have no home—no one to care for me!" said Zaidée, with a cry which came from the bottom of her heart.

They were all very silent after that. It was something which the childish understanding could not fathom, and Rosie longed more and more to go to the side of Miss Francis, to comfort her, and to cry with her. They all stood somewhat guilty and sullen, looking on, with a vague sense of being great criminals, and of some one seeing them who was even a mightier observer than mamma; but as nothing occurred to bring this compunction the length of repentance, or to lighten them of its indefinite pain, they threw the burden of this too upon Miss Francis, and were sure it was her fault, one way or another; they disliked her the more for having been cruel to her. They were like all other tyrants and persecutors, they resented their own uneasiness upon their victim.

While Zaidée, retiring from the contest, and swallowing down as she could the hysteric sobs which she could scarcely restrain, felt in her own heart that she was entirely vanquished, and quite succumbed to her adverse fortune. This last half-hour had destroyed all hope of ever succeeding with these children. Zaidée was wise enough, through all her inexperience, to feel that the cry of desolateness which they had forced from her put an end to her superiority—her chance of ruling those rebellious spirits. They had looked on, were looking on, with curious eyes, at the passionate youthful despair which overwhelmed her; and even though they became penitent, and offered a voluntary submission, this attempt was still quite at an end for Zaidée. She could not be Mrs. Disbrowe's governess; she felt in her honest simple heart, that hard as she had tried, she could be of no use to Mrs. Disbrowe; therefore Zaidée must go away.

Where, or what to do, she could not tell. Her reading and writing were of very little service to her so far, poor child, and now she must fall back upon her other capability. Once more Zaidée vainly longed for Elizabeth's, or Margaret's, or Sophy's list of accomplishments; not knowing

that even flower-painting, or landscapes in water-colors, or the most exquisite embroidery, were but very slender weapons, with which to assault the world and fate. As she withdrew with her flushed face, her eyes full of tears, her frame all throbbing with the tremor of excitement, into the corner where she had been laboring at Mrs. Disbrowe's plain-sewing, vague plans and purposes floated before Zaidée's eyes. She knew nothing of distressed needlewomen, and had no experience to convince her that a friendless girl of fourteen was not quite the person to keep her footing among the crowds of London. She only drew a vivid picture to herself of a very poor room, and long days of silent working full of dreams and thought; and this was how the girl's fancy, forlorn and visionary, decided she should live.

And Lettie and Rosie, and Tommy and Sissy, and Harry and Jack, have returned to their various occupations, but with feelings very far from satisfactory. That figure sitting silent in the corner bears heavily upon the conscience of every little Disbrowe here. They are a great deal more afraid of her now than if she had been struggling with them; and with a vague conviction that she has given up the contest, comes an equally vague penitence for their own share in the matter. Rosie takes up and lays down her spelling book twenty times in a minute, with anxious glances at Miss Francis; even Lettie is almost moved to ask her pardon. There never was a conquest so thoroughly unsatisfactory, or which impressed the victors so disagreeably with a feeling of defeat.

CHAPTER XII.—AN AUDIENCE.

Mrs. Disbrowe's pink ribbons were newly arranged, and her evening toilette completed, yet there was still a little time to spare. The children knew very well that mamma had usually a leisure half-hour before dinner in her dressing-room, and this was a famous time for hearing complaints and settling disputes. This time, however, it was not any of the children who tapped at the door, but only Nurse, looking very solemn, who craved an audience for Miss Francis. As she granted it, Mrs. Disbrowe saw more than one small shadow hovering about the door of Charlotte's room. The rebellious population in the nursery were greatly concerned to know what Miss Francis had to say to mamma.

Miss Francis entered very noiselessly, with a swift sudden motion, and a dark, pale face, full of thoughts and sorrows. There was no dulness in poor Zaidée's great desolation and solitude; her sorrow was no apathy, but the strongest life; and there could not well have been a greater contrast than between the full matronly figure of Mrs. Disbrowe, in her rich thrifty silk-gown and cheerful pink-ribbons, and the slight nervous form of the girl who stood before her, dressed in the plain brown girlish undress she had worn at home, and with such a flood and tumult of thought swelling in her face. So very momentous was this matter to Zaidée, and with such an earnest simplicity did her mind regard it, that Mrs. Disbrowe instinctively felt it must be something much more important than a little *emeute*

in the nursery of which her young governess came to apprise her now.

"Something happened again, Miss Francis?—are the children still too much for you? Sit down and tell me about it," said Mrs. Disbrowe, kindly.

But Zaidée could not sit down, and scarcely waited to have the invitation; she was too eager in what she had herself to say.

"I will have to go away," said Zaidée. "I only know very little. I cannot teach the children. I would try again if I could, and I thought I could when I came here; but it is not possible any longer. I will have to go away."

"What is the matter? have they teased you in the nursery? But you know we must not throw aside our duties because they are hard sometimes," said Mrs. Disbrowe, still very kindly; "they are quite children, you know, and good children too, though they sometimes provoke a stranger; and you are very young, and easily discouraged. You must have a little patience, and begin again."

"I know very little myself," said Zaidée, striking off once more in her strange inconsequent fashion, as if nothing had been said. "I only can read and write—but not very well; and I am not good enough to teach them. I cannot cheat you; you have been so good to me. I am not able to teach the children; I will have to go away."

"My poor child," said Mrs. Disbrowe, taking Zaidée's hand, and leading her kindly to a seat, "why do you speak so very sadly about going away? Do you know you are far too young to go out as a governess, or to be away from home? I think, perhaps, the best thing you can do is to go back again. Why do you start so, child?"

"Because I cannot go home. I never will go home—never!" cried Zaidée. "Oh, you do not know; I would far rather die!"

Mrs. Disbrowe lifted her hand from Zaidée's shoulder. "You are a very strange girl," she said, disapprovingly; "it is a great blessing to have a home, even though everything there is not quite as we wish it. If your friends are not very kind to you, they are still your friends; and you had far better return to them. If you think they will be angry, I can write to them, and explain why it is that you return so soon."

Zaidée dried the little gush of hot tears which had surprised her eyes at the mention of home; she rose again very quietly, and looked up with her simple wistful eyes into Mrs. Disbrowe's face.

"I cannot go home," she said, with a sad steadiness, which reached again to the fountain of tender charity in her protector's heart; "but I will have to go away, because I must never cheat any one. I would like to work at something, and be of use to somebody; but, Mrs. Disbrowe, you are very kind to me, and I am of no use to you."

Something like a tear came to Mrs. Disbrowe's eye. "I do not understand you, but I am very sorry for you," she said compassionately. "Tell me, then, what you propose to do."

Zaidée looked up again, and all those envied accomplishments, those attainments of Elizabeth

and Margaret and Sophy, seemed to burst upon her vision once more. "I cannot do anything," burst from Zaidée's lips in a little overflow of regret and self-reproach; "I mean nothing but sewing: but there is only myself, it is not much matter. I think I would live somewhere, and work. I can do a great deal of work when I try, and I would never wish to do anything else now—neither reading nor—" Her breast heaved, for suddenly she thought of her long walks with Sermo; and Sermo's very name, a household word, overwhelmed her for the moment with such a glimpse of home. "I could work all day long," said Zaidée, turning away abruptly to hide the falling of a great long-gathered cluster of tear-drops—a score run into one.

But Mrs. Disbrowe had heart enough and wisdom enough to perceive that it was not the thought of working all day long, but some other concealed and hidden thought, which brought this heavy dew to Zaidée's eyes. She was so kind as not to question her at the moment, but simply to address herself to the matter in hand.

"This is your plan, is it?" said Mrs. Disbrowe, with a smile which had a great deal of pity in it; "but do you know you are too young for this?—not too young either," she continued, half to herself—"too young for evil and temptation—too young and too simple to be led away. But I will tell you what we will do. I have a great deal of sewing myself, and till that is done you must stay with me and help me. There now, dry your eyes; you shall not go back to the nursery, but sit in the spare room—Charlotte's room—close to my own, and do your sewing there; and when that is all done, you must consult with me again what you are to do. Will you take my advice, my poor child?"

Zaidée looked up earnestly at the woman whom she herself had woke into a protecting angel. "You are very good to me," said Zaidée; "I will do whatever you tell me; only I cannot go home."

"Well, I will not bid you—now," said Mrs. Disbrowe. "Come, you must dry your eyes and be comforted. No one must be quite miserable in my house. You can sit in the nursery this evening, and to-morrow we will have Charlotte's room made into a workroom, and something will turn up before you have done all my sewing there."

So Zaidée went away, and Mrs. Disbrowe returned to her toilet for a moment, to arrange her pink ribbons once more. Though there was a softening satisfactory sentiment at her heart, this lady could not help feeling that she had acted "against her principles." She was perplexed and disturbed, and felt herself more liable to attack than she had been for many a day. It was not prudent. Her habitual thriftiness would by no means sanction this unwise liberality; but Mrs. Disbrowe's heart was too many for her principles. Nature overcame and triumphed in this woman of the world. Whatever happened, she could not put the orphan child away.

In the mean time Zaidée, very weary and exhausted, stole up-stairs to the high attic. No mystic gems of colored light, no red cross hung

over her now, as she lifted her eyes to the skylight window, half-opened, at which the November fog came in. Oh home, home, home! She threw herself upon her little bed, and covered her face from this dim damp waning daylight. This day's trial had worn to the heart of Zaidée; but after she had lain there awhile in the gathering darkness, she was fain to steal down, half frozen, to the deserted nursery, and take refuge with the homely representative of domestic government there. Nurse had a great deal to say, as usual, and Zaidée suffered the stream to run on, now and then striking into it, when some of Nurse's maunderings crossed the current of her own thoughts. They were no interruption to each other; for even this drowsy gossip about the Johns and the Bridgets of Nurse's youthful acquaintance had just so much human interest in it that her young companion was never tired listening. Zaidée's heart was still so young that it took in everything that looked like story-telling, and never complained of the minute details of Nurse's narrative. And her simple mind was worn out with much exertion, and sunk in the exhaustion of passion and excitement. She was glad to hear the humdrum cadence of this kindly voice. Its pleasant brogue and homely diction were better to Zaidée than either wit or wisdom of a colder kind. They lulled her weariness to rest, and broke with many a little episode of a still harder and humbler youth than hers the long monologue of the girl's own thoughts. Nurse, after her kind, was a very fitting minister, and did good service. Mistress and servant were kind to the orphan. She had not found this world yet to be a very cold or cruel world.

CHAPTER XIII.—ANOTHER OCCUPATION.

It is now two months since this young exile left the Grange, and Christmas is drawing near. Zaidée is so sincere a visionary, that, enveloped in her thoughts, she thinks little of the festive time approaching, or of the change made in herself since her last merry Christmas at home. She does not think, with dreary self-lamentation, that there is no one to brighten this time for her, as in her circumstances so many would do, but with loving and vivid realization she thinks of how they will spend the Christmas in Cheshire, and wonders, with a longing curiosity, whether her own absence will make any difference in the family festivities. But it is of no use asking her own heart so often what has happened to them all; it is of no use wondering and wishing as she sits within this deserted apartment, once the bower and sanctuary of Miss Charlotte Disbrowe, but now only the spare room in Bedford Place. The white hangings begin to grow dingy; the litter of the wedding preparations is long ago over. Near the small bit of smoky fire which the housemaid has condescended to light for Miss Francis, she sits before a great basketful of plain-sewing, exercising her vocation. Her literary attainments, her reading and writing—the latter so painfully perfected before she left the Grange—have proved quite useless to Zaidée; and though there is one little pang of disappointment in the consciousness, she is very content to fall back upon the only other branch of knowledge

she possesses. Poor Zaidee, though she speaks the pure English of a gentlewoman, is not great in moods and tenses. Imagination and romance, after all, are fully more favorable to plain-sewing than to accurate grammar; so the girl finds it very possible to be content, and is more in her sphere, working here by herself in her spare bedroom, than struggling to teach Rosie and Lettie and Tommy and Sissy up-stairs.

It is a strange uncommunicative self-contained life which she lives in this quiet back-room, looking out upon the brick parallelograms, and strips of grass and flowers. Zaidee's brown complexion grows of a darker paleness every day. Her eyes become hollow, and her agile figure, with all its girlish angularities, is thinner and more angular still than when she came here. When Mrs. Disbrowe bids her go out to take exercise, Zaidee always would rather not; poor child, she seeks no intermission, and wishes for no amusement. Her thoughts run on just as well, perhaps indeed somewhat better, for her hands being busy; and no one knows what visions attend the hemming of Mrs. Disbrowe's household linen,—what wild imaginations run through these noiseless days, and keep alive the young life in her heart. Mrs. Disbrowe every day grows more and more perplexed, and sometimes wonders almost in terror what she is to do with this friendless girl, and makes resolutions, a hundred times broken, to insist upon the name of her relations, and to write to them, trying if it may still be possible to awake kindness in their hearts; for this good mother can only explain Zaidee's unwillingness to go home by supposing that she has been cruelly treated by her friends, against whom, in consequence, the worthy gentlewoman, whose own tenderer feelings have so completely taken advantage of her, is proportionably indignant. Wherever Mrs. Disbrowe is, it is astonishing how this problem vexes her hitherto placid mind. What is she to do with this girl?

While Leo and Minnie, the only members of the family who yet can venture to criticise mamma, strongly backed by Mrs. Edward Lancaster, who is never done wondering, cannot sufficiently express their astonishment,—What does mamma keep her for?—what is the good of having Miss Francis in the house?—and what has mamma to do with her?—ask these inquiring Disbrowes,—the kitchen is not less interested; and Buttons even ventures, in a quiet way, to play some practical jokes upon Miss Francis, which Miss Francis is so utterly unconscious of as to provoke to positive bile the "fun" of Mrs. Disbrowe's accomplished page. In the nursery, after a few days of very equivocal triumph, broken with many compunctions, the children at last have begun to revel in the delights of a prolonged holiday. Mamma is put to her wits' end. She cannot have a new governess while the former one remains with her. She cannot keep Zaidee and send the children to school. Placid papa, who never interferes with anything, has actually become a terror to Mrs. Disbrowe within these few weeks; since there has been something which she does not wish him to ask about, she is in continual terror lest he should inquire; for what excuse could she give him?—how account

for her own conduct?—she who cannot account for it to herself.

Unconscious of all the ferment caused by her presence, Zaidee dreams on day by day in her dim chamber, consuming her heart. But for this visionary world in which she breathes and lives, the young life must have been spent and wasted long ago; and now it only lives upon its own strength and essence, devouring its resources and itself. She is very harmless and silent in her solitude, her voice is never heard in the house, and no one is reminded, by outward intrusion, that the stranger is here. All unaware of how she embarrasses Mrs. Disbrowe—unsuspicious of Minnie's malicious wondering—of Mrs. Edward's comments—of all the hard innuendoes levelled at mamma on account of her—unsuspicious of the practical jokes of Buttons—the curiosity in the kitchen—the triumph of the nursery—Zaidee sits hour by hour alone, and weaves her life into her dreams. She never feels herself neglected, never is aware of any injury, nor is aware either in her girlish heedlessness that she is out of place and a burden; so much a child's mind is the mind of Zaidee, that it has room for no complication of ideas. With devotion and ardor, which is more than conscientiousness, she labors at her work, and while she does that, thinks no harm to give her thoughts full sway, and deliver up her whole being into them—and this is how she lives.

Malice and embarrassment, wonder and inquiry, would soon be at an end if this continued; for already, when Christmas is come and gone, when the Covent Garden bouquet on the drawing-room table shows its first snowdrop, and the early crocuses just thrust their green spikes through the soil of Aunt Vivian's flower-garden at home, the air grows heavy and stagnant in the scene of Zaidee's toil. It weighs upon her, as the charmed air might have weighed upon the bewitched princess of the fairy tale, ere she sank to her sleep of centuries; and on Zaidee, too, there begins to sink a heavy torpor—a heaviness from which only the touch of love can wake her up.

Where is this touch to come from? Words of kindness are said to her sometimes; she is never ill-treated. As the world goes, she has been strangely fortunate in finding such a home; but love is not near the poor child. Curiosity and wonder all agape, and even a degree of equable interest and kindness, might have come to look at the sleeping beauty, without in the least disturbing her lingering slumbers; and Zaidee is too much a child to be roused as she was. From whence is to come her waking kiss?

"Minnie, when you go to Charlotte's to-morrow, you must take Miss Francis with you; and let your sister know that I particularly wish her to write to Mrs. Green. Persuade Charlotte to write at once, and bring me the letter home with you, Minnie; we must apply to her friends, and have her taken home," says Mrs. Disbrowe; and if you look closely, you will see that Zaidee has brought a permanent wrinkle to the comely forehead of mamma. "It is quite out of the question. We cannot go on in this way; and yet, the poor child!"

"I don't call her a poor child. I think she is

very well off," said saucy Minnie. "If all the people that do plain-sewing had as much for it!"

"Be silent, Minnie!" cried Mrs. Disbrowe angrily, and with a glow of displeasure on her cheek. Feeling herself guilty, Mrs. Disbrowe was more than usually impatient of criticism.

"And why am I to take her to Charlotte's?" continued the young lady—"in her brown frock and her straw bonnet! She is not fit to go with me."

"She is to go with you, notwithstanding," said Mrs. Disbrowe quickly; "and unless you change your manners, Minnie, you will never look so much like a lady as poor Miss Francis does. I wish her to go with you to-morrow. She shall not remain with us, if I can find another shelter for her; but she must not get sick and be laid up in the mean time, if I can help it."

Satisfied that she would carry this as the reason, Minnie hastened to announce her good fortune to Miss Francis. The little fire in the spare room was very smoky—the great work-basket was quite full—the air was heavy and close, yet chilled and full of the foggy haze in the atmosphere without; and beyond these cold white hangings, which looked so smoked and dingy, sat Zaidée, in her half trance of silence, working at her plain-sewing. Minnie Disbrowe, bursting in out of breath, was chilled into composure in a moment.

"Miss Francis! mamma says you are not to get sick, and be laid up. You are to go with me to my sister's to-morrow."

"I would rather not, indeed. I like best to be at home," said Zaidée.

"Home! Do you call *this* home?" cried the refined Minnie. "I am sure, if I was you, I would far rather go back to my friends. I would do anything rather than stay here."

A slight shudder was all Zaidée's answer. She had a strange obtuseness in this one particular. Now that she was busily employed, and working for them, it did not occur to her that the Disbrowes, all and sundry, wished her away.

"Well, if mamma likes—" said Minnie, shrugging her shoulders; but even Minnie had not the heart to conclude the sentence in presence of Zaidée's wistful dreamy face, and unflinching industry.

"You are to come with me to-morrow," she continued, "to do you good, I suppose. Mamma said so. You had better make your things look as well as possible, and be ready to go."

As it was a command, Zaidée received it quietly as a necessity. She had not been in the open air for days; but Zaidée, fresh from the Cheshire wilds, could scarcely recognize as open air the wintry fog of Bedford Place.

CHAPTER XIV.—A VISIT.

They set out together on the afternoon of the following day, which, as it happened, was a cheerful bracing afternoon, with a red sun bearing down towards the stack of houses which formed "the west" to Bedford Place, and breaking up the gray haze, after a fantastic fashion, pleasant to see. Zaidée's wandering eyes sought out this stream of ruddy light, which, with the slight fog to aid it, made these streets and squares

almost picturesque, and did not perceive the mortification and displeasure of Miss Minnie, who had herself unwillingly assumed a brown frock and bonnet not a very great deal better than Zaidée's, but pronounced by mamma "quite good enough" for a visit to Charlotte. It had been Minnie's intention to mark the difference between her own rank and her companion's to the most cursory observer, by making herself very fine to-day; but, alas, that inexorable mamma! As it happened, however, Minnie's sulkiness was sadly lost on Zaidée, who had not the smallest desire to be enlightened by her conversation; and who, indeed, enveloped in her own magical atmosphere, was not at all aware that there had been nothing said between them till they arrived at Charlotte's door.

The house of Mrs. Edward Lancaster was a fac-simile of her mother's; a tall house, equally commodious, equally genteel, and out of doors equally grim in its respectability; but within, by dint of new carpets, new paper, and new gilding, liberally displayed in the shape of picture-frames, a new maid-servant, in smiles and blue ribbons (Mr. Edward Lancaster having a prejudice against Buttons), and a general newness and brightness of Atmosphere, this habitation looked gay and more cheerful than the original Bedford Place. Charlotte's drawing-room was not drab either; there were no blinds half-way down the windows. The new paper was a bewilderment of roses and myrtles, the new carpet a thicket of flowers; and in the grate burned a riotous fire, such as would have broken Mrs. Disbrowe's rest with visions of blazing chimneys, fire-engines, and fines. By-and-by, when the nursery, which at present is only an unfurnished room up-stairs, comes to be as full as the nursery at home, and when all these gay embellishments are toned down into the gray of years, Mrs. Edward Lancaster will be a thrifty housewife, as careful a manager as mamma; but at present, at its first offset, there is a certain air of lavishness, of profusion—to tell the truth, though Mrs. Edward is Mrs. Disbrowe's daughter—of extravagance about the house. Mrs. Edward spends a poor man's income in gloves and ribbons, there being no over-seeing eye to veto the expenditure; and the servants in the kitchen scorn to be behind their mistress; while hosts of pretty nick-nackeries find their way, day by day, into the bright, new drawing-room, to the much adornment of the same. The young master of the house begins to look with dismay at his cheque-book, and to be rather doubtful of the truth of the often-repeated declaration, that it is "only this once." Take comfort, bridegroom; it is only this once; when she has her first fit of glorious independence over, and no longer plays at housekeeping, Mrs. Disbrowe's daughter will prove her parentage, and be the thriftiest wife that ever fell to the lot of man. But so far it must be conceded, there is no thrift in the new establishment, and the house has a great "way" upon it, like the young gay unconcerned mistress of the same.

Charlotte is lying back in her easy-chair, holding up her hands before her as she works at some bit of netting; and the young lady's ample dra-

peries spread out, and her ribbons constantly in motion, as she moves in her chair in her careless fashion, give what a painter would call "breadth of effect" to this animated picture. Her friend Helen Maurice sits by the table near Mrs. Edward, and the drawing-room door being open, you may hear those loud young ringing voices, what they say, and how they laugh, and how perfectly without restraint they are, when you are still at the foot of the stair. Also, on a showy little couch near the fire sits a very upright lady in widow's weeds, with a large muff on her lap, and an immense boa on her shoulders. Her crape veil, put back from her face, shows you a large pale countenance, with considerable force in its lines, but, it must be confessed, at this present moment somewhat of a sour aspect. As the young ladies talk, the old lady's blue eye sometimes kindles into grim amusement; but in general it is apparent that she is neglected, and that she feels herself so.

To this scene the two girls enter unannounced—no formal introduction being necessary to Mrs. Edward's sister, even in the punctilious judgment of the waiting-maid, who is a very new broom, and piques herself on doing her duty. As Minnie bursts in at the open door, and Zaidée, like a shadow, follows after, Charlotte raises her head to nod at them, and goes on with her conversation. Minnie, for her part, pausing to look round the room to see who is in it, condescendingly addresses the old lady, "How do you do, Mrs. Lancaster?" in passing; and immediately darts upon a great china jar opposite, without giving Mrs. Lancaster the trouble to answer her question.

"Oh, Charlotte, where did you get this?" cried Minnie loudly. "I don't like it—it's ugly; you always had such bad taste. Why, there's beetles on it! I would throw it out of the window if it were mine."

Now Charlotte had already been provoked this morning by finding her latest purchase not at all admired by Edward, and was quite disposed to bestow upon Minnie the full weight of her displeasure towards both.

"Let my china alone, will you?" exclaimed Charlotte. "You provoking little thing, what do you mean poking about into every corner? I don't buy my furniture to please you. Do you hear? You shan't do what you like in my house as you do at home."

"I just wish mamma heard you," said Minnie spitefully.

It was a wish in which Mrs. Edward did not concur; for she had not the slightest desire, married lady though she was, to encounter the displeasure of mamma. The elder Mrs. Lancaster looked on very grimly during this loving sisterly salutation. She was not Edward's mother, but only his father's widow—a very kind friend to him, and counting herself to have some motherly rights, in consequence of many years' guardianship—a claim which Edward himself allowed very cordially, but which Mrs. Edward had pleasure in defying. The old lady's eyes and ears were extremely vigilant when she visited her stepson's wife. It was astonishing what a clear perception she had already of all Char-

lotte's shortcomings, and how she overlooked her good qualities altogether. There was no love lost between these two ladies. Charlotte had a pleasure in making Mrs. Lancaster feel uncomfortable and out of place in her gay new drawing-room among her young friends; and Mrs. Lancaster had a pleasure in coming to feel herself slighted and injured by the gay, foolish, extravagant wife, whose love of company and dress and careless housekeeping would ruin Edward. So the old lady sat very upright and solemn, an image of silent disapproval, on the pretty little couch made to be lounged on, and listened to their loud laughing discussions of last night's concert, of who was there, and how poor the music always was, and how one and another threatened to give them up, they were so stupid. All this was extremely edifying to old Mrs. Lancaster, whose own dissipation was limited to the May meetings in Exeter Hall; yet she came; for human nature, whose wiles this good lady was skilled in, was as perverse in her own breast as in another's, and her favorite aversion was Edward's wife.

Perhaps it might have been the same, in some degree, whoever Edward's wife had been; but the present possessor of that dignity by no means thought it worth her while to conciliate. While old Mrs. Lancaster sat stiffly on the couch, Charlotte reclined in the easy-chair. Charlotte was exuberant in embraces, in "dears," and "loves," to her other visitors; all the while observing the old lady as the old lady observed her.

Zaidée, who had come into the room behind Minnie, stood by the door; nobody yet had taken any notice of her; she was left to find a seat and a welcome for herself; but while she stood there, she had the fortune to catch the eye of Mrs. Lancaster. Now, Zaidée was neither gay nor fair; if, three months ago, you were held in doubt whether this brown girl was to ripen into a famous beauty, or sink into dark complexioned homeliness, the chances were very much against the former hypothesis now. What Mrs. Lancaster saw in her was a very plain girl, very plainly dressed, and still more visibly dropped by her companions than she herself was. The old lady's countenance brightened immediately; she recognized the poor little governess, of whom she had heard Mrs. Edward speak. Opposition is sometimes a marvellous incentive to benevolence, and no one could doubt that Mrs. Lancaster was benevolent. She beckoned Zaidée to her, gave her a share of her sofa, and then began to question the incommunicative girl. What was curiosity at first, rapidly ripened into interest. Zaidée's answers were so brief, that they suggested question after question. She came from the country—she was an orphan—she did not wish to go home—she was not Mrs. Disbrowe's governess—no, she was not good enough for that—she could only read and write a little herself, and was not able to teach the children—she did Mrs. Disbrowe's sewing now, and Mrs. Disbrowe was very kind to her—that was all. By the time she knew so much, Mrs. Lancaster greatly wished to hear more. The old lady surely did not want Zaidée to complain to her; but she would have

been very well satisfied to hear a few more details of Mrs. Disbrowe's household, and to ascertain if this dependant was content.

"I don't think you are well, my poor child. Does Mrs. Disbrowe allow you to go out?" asked Mrs. Lancaster.

"I would rather not," said Zaidée. "I do not like to be out. I always ask leave to stay at home."

"Is it Bedford Place you call home?" said the questioner.

Zaidée looked up for an instant into her face, "I have no other home now. I am very glad to be there," said this poor child, whom nobody could persuade into believing herself ill-used. The old lady was melted; she almost forgave Mrs. Disbrowe for being the mother of Edward's wife. But she did more than that—she asked Mrs. Edward to spare Miss Francis, to take an airing with her in that plain handsome brougham of hers which stood at the door. Mrs. Edward opened her eyes, but had no objection. Zaidée obeyed the old lady passively, and followed her, to the consternation of Minnie. But the poor girl herself was not astonished; in her torpor and silent heaviness, it seemed as if she could no longer do anything but obey.

CHAPTER XV.—A FRIEND.

It was not till seated in Mrs. Lancaster's brougham, with Mrs. Lancaster's broad crapes pressing upon her modest brown dress, and Mrs. Lancaster's furs warming the confined atmosphere of the close little carriage, which forthwith began to trundle leisurely toward the Park, that Zaidée awoke from the quiet haze in which she had answered what was asked, and done what was commanded her. It might be the widow's cap which recalled Aunt Vivian—though this tall lady, so far as bulk went, would have made two Aunt Vivians, and was very unlike the fairy godmother; or perhaps the sober opulence of Mrs. Lancaster's equipage and dress reminded Zaidée, more than Bedford Place did, of the exuberant comforts of home. Whatever the cause was, she was roused into warmer life—her thoughts lay dormant for a little, her eyes took unconscious inventory of the things about her—the torpor was shaken for the moment, and Zaidée looked forth again through the mist of her own dreams.

"And so you say Mrs. Disbrowe is kind? I suppose you are very useful to her," said Mrs. Lancaster, with a "humph!" in her own mind over the disinterestedness of Mrs. Disbrowe.

"I thought I might be of use when I came," said Zaidée, "though I know so very little; but I could not teach the children—I was not able—and that was why I got the sewing to do. No; I am not of much use; I can only sew."

"You told me before that you knew very little," said her new friend; "young ladies very seldom say so. Tell me what 'very little' means."

"I can only read, and write—but not very well," said Zaidée, "I cannot play, nor draw, nor do anything."

"Except Mrs. Disbrowe's sewing," said Mrs. Lancaster, with involuntary satire.

The pale brown face beside her lighted up a

little. "Yes," said Zaidée, with a sigh of satisfaction, "that is something still; but, after all, it is only *plain* sewing. I cannot do embroidery, nor anything, like what they used to do at home."

"And would you not rather be at home than here, among strangers?" asked Mrs. Lancaster.

Zaidée started with a thrill of terror. "No, no," she said hurriedly, "I cannot go home. I did not mean to speak of it again."

"Tell me where it was and all about it, my poor child," said her questioner persuasively.

It was seldom that Zaidée, whose ideas were always striking off at a tangent, permitted herself to be thus brought to bay. Perceiving it, however, she was too brave to escape; she looked up with open eyes to the old lady's face.

"My father and my mother are dead. My mother was a Greek, and my father was a traveller, far away. I have been alone all my life; I have no home," said Zaidée steadily. "I am glad to be with Mrs. Disbrowe; I have no one to go to but her."

"But do you know they do not wish you to remain with them? What will you do then?" asked Mrs. Lancaster.

"I will ask Mrs. Disbrowe again to let me stay," said Zaidée very simply. She was not to be reached on the side of pride.

"My poor child," said her new friend, "whose kindness at the present moment was more in intention than effect, "Mrs. Disbrowe has a great many children: I have heard them speak of you often; they want their mother to send you home to your friends; they think you a burden. You would not like to feel yourself a burden, should you?"

Zaidée's brown face grew very pale—so pale that the well-intentioned lady beside her hastily drew her smelling-bottle from the depths of her muff. "It is not what I like," said Zaidée; "I would like if God would please to let me die—but He never has heard me yet; and I am afraid it would not be right to do it of myself."

"To do what, child?" cries Mrs. Lancaster, with a little scream.

But Zaidée made no answer. She was pondering sadly in her own heart—pondering of necessity and providence, and how different what she would, was from what she *must*.

"They are very unkind, these foolish young people, for I am sure their mother has a cheap assistant in you," said Mrs. Lancaster, her dislike to the Disbrowes insensibly prevailing over her prudence. "You are a poor artless child, I can see; you would be far better away from that woman of the world."

"Must I go away?" said Zaidée, catching the one word which chimed into her thoughts: "and if I go away, will you give me something to work at?" she continued, looking up with honest simplicity in Mrs. Lancaster's face.

This good lady was somewhat taken aback by the downright sincerity of her young companion. "I—I can scarcely tell," said Mrs. Lancaster; "but that was not what I meant; you ought to go home to your friends."

"I thought I ought to go away at first, when I

found I could not teach the children," said Zaidée, either not hearing or not heeding. "I thought I could live in a little room somewhere, and work at sewing, if any one would give it me; but Mrs. Disbrowe was kind, and said I should rather stay. Do they grudge that I am there? I have no right to be there—perhaps, indeed, I had better go away."

And Zaidée's eyes, brightened with a new thought, travelled over the high range of buildings they were passing. Nay, these are all great houses, poor child! ranges of lofty windows, drawing-rooms, and bed-chambers, of better fashion and higher rank than Bedford Place—not one single little nook among them where you could bring your needle, your sole capability, your forlorn young life and sincere heart. The old lady's eyes followed this gaze of futile longing; her own mind was built with lofty regularity, something like those blank fine houses which gave forth no answer to Zaidée's mute inquiry. She loved to dispense her liberality in the legitimate channels, to ascertain that they were "deserving objects" who had aims of her abundance, to inquire all about them, if it was improvidence or evil behavior which brought them within the range of her benefactions, if they had seen better days, or if their poverty was native to them, or if their need was desperate enough to warrant charity. All the minutiae of their circumstances carefully inquired into, no one could be more bountiful than this well-endowed and childless widow; but so much fortified with custom and regulation was she, that it perplexed her greatly when a "case" came before her which could not be dealt with according to rule. At present she found herself in a dilemma—of her own creating, too, which made it the more vexatious.—Acting on a whim, which a woman of prudence never ought to do—acting, moreover, on other motives still farther removed from Christian charity than whims are—but these Mrs. Lancaster did not specify to herself—she had brought this child away with her, had partially enlightened her as to her own circumstances, had conceived a strong interest in her—what was to be done with her now? Mrs. Lancaster retired into the depths of her sables to consider. Zaidée, with her wistful eyes, looked out upon these great ranges of houses. The air was warm and soft in this luxurious enclosure, tinged with a faint perfume, and very different from that brown hazy sunny winter air without. The little carriage moved on at a drowsy pleasant pace. Wayfarers walking fast to keep themselves warm, children cased in furs and hosiery, little groups of juvenile vagabonds with feet and faces red and blue with cold, disappeared from the window as they drove on. Mrs. Lancaster, much vexed at her own indiscretion, and Zaidée, brightly realizing that impossible independence of hers, working alone in a little chamber for some one else than Mrs. Disbrowe, saw nothing of the bare trees and sodden grass—young and old; they had other things to look at than this wintry park.

The old lady has not spoken again, neither has Zaidée; but the well-accustomed coachman has turned homewards. Now the lights are beginning to shine in the windows, and the last red ray of sunset has disappeared from the brown

haze of air which gives tone and color to these streets. They are not going to Bedford Place, but turning at this easy speed to another quarter. The chill in the air gives animation to all those passers-by upon the way; such visions of home and fireside waiting for one and another—of the cheerful household meal ready for their coming, and the news of the great world which they carry with them to brighten the quiet crowd about all those comfortable figures, briskly pressing forward. One has a newspaper, another a parcel of books, another only a toy swinging "at the cold finger's end," or a paper-bag of cakes and sweetmeats for the children. You may call them City men as you pass by in your superb idleness—never mind; they have done their good day's work in the City or elsewhere; and in this pleasant darning they see already the firelight shine in their own windows as every one goes home. Schoolboys with satchels making the road echo, tall school-girls swinging by in confidential couples with music-books, and an infinite quantity of secrets to tell. Here and there a shop holding out the light of its homely traffic upon the way—so many pleasant sounds in the air, voices, and footsteps—so many peaceful people on their way home.

The little carriage trundles on, and never pauses for a moment. Its rich mistress has a home, but no child to make it glad; and as for poor Zaidée, searching the darkness with her wistful eyes, she believes there is no home for her in all this plentiful and prosperous world.

CHAPTER XVI.—PERPLEXITY.

Zaidée has not considered the question, whether she is going home to Mrs. Disbrowe's or elsewhere. So full of fancies is she, nothing that happened to-night would much surprise Zaidée; and when the little carriage turns into a gate, and rounds the small curve of a semicircular plot planted thick with evergreens, to pause before a quickly-opened door, she observes vividly, but can scarcely be called curious. Mrs. Lancaster, warm in her furs, alights slowly. The girl behind her feels a slight chill of cold as she glances up into a clear frosty sky, all bright with stars, before she enters Mrs. Lancaster's door.—Many a time that glimpse of the friendly heavens will return upon her, when she is pursuing her course among strangers; but now it has disappeared, and there is nothing loftier visible than the ceiling of Mrs. Lancaster's hall, and the staircase, on which a sober-colored maid waits for her mistress. Without a word, Zaidée follows Mrs. Lancaster up-stairs. The stairs are softly carpeted; there is a noiseless warmth and wealth in the house, still, and regular, and orderly—no nursery to awaken the echoes, nor "young people" to disturb this calm with intrusive activity. When Mrs. Lancaster reaches the door of her own room, she commits Zaidée to the charge of her maid, who conveys her forthwith into a small humdrum comfortable apartment, where there is a fire, and tea on the table. The maid desires the young lady to seat herself till she comes back, and Zaidée is left alone to look into the cavern of the fire, and round the unfamiliar furniture, and wonder what she herself is doing here.

It is not quite dark, and the sky has not deep-

ened into the intense blue of a winter night, but is pale and silvery all over with its young moon and early stars. Zaidée sits before the fire, wondering—almost roused into romance once more—the house is so quiet, the atmosphere so warm, the tone of wealth and comfort so apparent—quite another world from the thrifty plenty of Bedford Place, and its constant stir of young unruly life. But it is no romance after all; for this is only a kind of housekeeper's room, where Mrs. Lancaster's own maid has her sanctuary; and the sober-colored woman who re-enters anon, and tells Zaidée she is to take tea here, and that Mrs. Lancaster will send for her presently, is the trusted factotum of the lady of the house.

There is not much said between these two strangers. Mrs. Lancaster's maid by no means resembles Mrs. Disbrowe's Irish nurse. She too, like her mistress, requires a certificate of merit before she bestows her acquaintance; so Zaidée's thoughts are little disturbed by conversation. It is a full hour before the summons comes for her audience, and then with gradually increasing wonder and interest she follows her conductor down stairs.

Mrs. Lancaster has just dined, and there is a faint odor of the good things of the table in this large ruddy apartment, which is Mrs. Lancaster's usual sitting-room. The fire burns warm with a subdued glow; the lamp throws a tempered light upon two large easy chairs, one on either side, where, leaning back upon easy cushions, sits Mrs. Lancaster and Mrs. Lancaster's guest. They are both looking with some expectation towards the door; and both bend forward a little to see Zaidée as she enters, in her quick and silent fashion, with her bonnet off, and her dark hair shed back from her forehead. Mrs. Lancaster, with her deep draperies of crape, and spotted widow's cap, looks somewhat imposing in her great chair; but the old lady opposite, who has been a widow for twenty years, and is gay in flowers, and ribbons, and stiff little curls of gray hair, with a colored gown of rich texture, with jewels and ornaments past counting, is anything but imposing, and with her bright cheery face makes a very good foil to Mrs. Lancaster. Poor Zaidée, being but a child, and friendless, feels her heart warm a little when she glances to the opposite side of the fireplace. Mrs. Lancaster is by far the most proper and dignified, but her friend might not be flattered if she knew that Zaidée found encouragement in the smile, because it was like that of Irish Nurse, poor Zaidée's most familiar friend.

"This is Miss Francis," says Mrs. Lancaster, as Zaidée enters. And "Poor dear!" says Mrs. Lancaster's friend.

"I hear Edward's wife speak of her constantly," pursued the lady of the house, motioning Zaidée to sit down beside her. "It appears she came up from the country to be nursery governess to these rude little children, and did not succeed—no wonder!—so they have made a sewing-maid of the poor child. I have no doubt Mrs. Disbrowe finds her very useful, but the young people think her in the way. She would like some one to give her sewing to do; but she is much too young to live alone, so I wish

very much to persuade her to go home to her friends."

"Has she any friends, then? How thin she is, poor dear!" said Mrs. Burtonshaw, Mrs. Lancaster's guest, touching Zaidée's angular arm and stooping shoulders, by way of investigation.

"Well, she has neither father nor mother, but some friends, of course. I feel quite responsible," said Mrs. Lancaster uneasily. "I brought her from Mrs. Edward's to give her a drive, but we got into conversation by the way. I was interested, and she came here with me. Now I really am at a loss. I cannot tell what to do. The child seems somehow thrown on my hands."

To all this Zaidée listened, as they seemed to intend she should listen, as quietly as if they had been talking of a piece of furniture, and not of a piece of sensitive human nature warm with girlish susceptibility. At this point, however, Zaidée's dormant pride was roused. She turned round.

"Mrs. Disbrowe never said I was to leave her," said Zaidée. "She did not tell me she found me a burden. I am of no use to any one but her. If you please I will go home."

"Should you like to go abroad, my dear?" asked Mrs. Burtonshaw, striking in rapidly before her weightier friend, astonished by the sudden movement of the "subject" under her hands, could find words to answer.

A glow of color rose upon Zaidée's face. "Yes," she said very eagerly. The question filled her with such a flush of sudden excitement that she could answer no more.

"Should you like to be companion to a good little girl of your own age? A dear little girl, my love," cried Mrs. Burtonshaw, warming rapidly; "one who will never take any airs upon her, but love you like a sister, if you are good—to be educated with her, and have everything the same as she has—a dear pretty little angel, the sweetest child that ever was born! Will you go and be a companion to her, and make her a happier child, my love?"

The old lady spoke so warmly and quickly, that "therewithal the water stood in her eyes." To all this Zaidée answered by a long wistful look. "If any one would take me abroad, I should be very, very glad," she said, when she turned her eyes from Mrs. Burtonshaw; but she did not know how to reply to this, about being a companion, and making happy—it was not in Zaidée's way.

"She is the very person," cried Mrs. Lancaster, in a voice of great relief. Once put in the way of mortifying the Disbrowe's, and especially "Edward's wife," by the exaltation of Zaidée, Mrs. Lancaster was quite herself again. "She will do admirably; that is, if we can be satisfied about her friends."

"My dear," said Mrs. Burtonshaw, "are you sure you would like to go with me? It is a long way off—a place where there are scarcely any English, and the family travel about a great deal; but Mary is the sweetest little love. My darling child, she will make you so happy!"

Zaidée looked up with sudden wonder. She thought of Mrs. Wyburgh and of Nurse, who

alone had called her "darling" before; but it was all to be put to the account of the unknown Mary, this burst of affection for the girl who might be her companion. Her wistful dark eyes began to smile upon the old lady; it was almost the first time they had been moved with this gentle relaxation since she came from home. Involuntarily Zaidée, who had learned the lessons of respect and humility becoming a dependant only very slightly, and who underneath had all the

simple trustfulness of a child, came to Mrs. Burtonshaw's footstool, and sat down there. "Will you tell me about Mary?" said Zaidée, looking up with all her old eagerness for a story. She did not hear that Mrs. Lancaster suggested "Miss Cumberland." Zaidée knew nothing of Miss Cumberland; she wanted to hear of this unknown girl, who was held in so much love.

And thus it was that Zaidée's heart awoke to the clear light of common life again.

From the Examiner.

Souvenirs Contemporains d'Histoire et de Littérature (Contemporary Recollections of History and Literature.) Par M. Villemain. Secondo Partie. Paris, 1855.

GREAT as are the elegance and the charm of M. Villemain's style, both in thought and writing, the second volume of his *Souvenirs* is not so interesting as the first. It suffers by having more of history in it and less of memoir. There is more of the sober quotation of volumes than of the livelier description of men and things described; and instead of seeing Napoleon face to face, through the generous if melancholy optics of M. De Narbonne, we are favored with an elaborate history of the Hundred Days by one who frankly avows his hatred of Napoleon and of his memory.

Yet of all the periods of that celebrated man's career, the one in which we are most inclined to look on him and his destiny with a strong personal interest apart from political principles or tendencies, is precisely that of the Hundred Days. We know from the first that he cannot conquer, that he cannot prevail, and the fear of him which animated his contemporaries scarcely reaches us. All we see is a man of great intellect and fortunes, not merely deserted but pursued by fate, and finally triumphed over by men who were certainly no better, not more liberal and not more philanthropic, than himself. In 1815 one might with some reason perhaps rejoice in the declension of the Bonaparte, and the rise of the Bourbon; but the forty years that have since elapsed have not tended to maintain that preference. Nor did Napoleon more disappoint his admirers than Louis the Eighteenth and Charles the Tenth disappointed M. Villemain himself.

The first chapter of the present volume is in M. Villemain's best style. It is a picture of his impressions on the eve of Napoleon's return. He passed that evening in the salon of Made. de Romfort, where all the notabilities of the day, including Made. de Stael herself, successively appeared, conversed, and exchanged thought and feeling with each other.

This is a true chapter of memoirs. But many chapters of history succeed, in which there is little that is new and less that is just. Accounts of the Congress of Vienna, its intrigues, its panics, its resolves, its doings and its sayings, have been better given by other pens. M. Villemain, in this following Lamartine, attributes far too much influence to Talleyrand. Both attribute to the veteran statesman, and his subtle management, the unanimous resolve of the sovereigns to make no peace with Napoleon, but to war with him to the last. But circumstances had far more influence than Talleyrand over this resolve. The allied potentates had divided Europe amongst them, and they could only hope to keep their spoil, or maintain their tyranny, by putting down the rival tyrant and spoliator. Still there are happy touches in Villemain. Talleyrand's mockery of Napoleon's pacific declarations, and his application of the fable of the wolf turned shepherd, is very good.

Among the themes which Madame de Stael is represented as expatiating upon is the *génie collectif et partant inépuisable de l'Angleterre*—"the collective and therefore inexhaustible genius of England, which does not need a great man in order to achieve great things." Unhappily, however, this is our sorest need in present emergencies, and we much fear that the remark only betrays its origin. With all their joint acumen Madame de Stael and M. Villemain were both at fault in refusing to acknowledge that the Duke of Wellington was a great man. Indeed the most defective part in M. Villemain's volume always occurs where he speaks of England and Englishmen. And the reason is obvious; he knows them but from books, and from sources even less veracious than books, whereas his sketches and description of his own countrymen are from the life and from facts. He attributes the mediocrity of Lord Castlereagh to his being born in Ireland, "far from the sources of good Britannic taste!"

The latter part of M. Villemain's volume describes the efforts of the deputies to drive Napoleon to a second abdication, as the prelude to obtaining terms from the allied gener-

als; and we must confess that notwithstanding the passion and eloquence displayed, notwithstanding the courage and high principle of Lafayette, these squabbles do not appear to us either dignified or profitable. It was not Lafayette or his brother deputies who saved France from military despotism or territorial partition. This was due to the good sense of the Duke of Wellington, and what would seem to have been the really good feeling of Alexander, who together overcame the rude and selfish desires of Prussians and Austrians. England and Russia joined in 1815 to save France from German vindictiveness.

Perhaps what most tends now to render the efforts of the French parliamentarians in 1815 ridiculous is the fact that they trusted to

Fouché as their representative and their diplomatist. It was this accomplished ruffian who pursued Napoleon with his myrmidons and pushed him to surrender, even while at the same time he was betraying every liberal institution to the Bourbons. It was Fouché who introduced Prussian bayonets into the Tuileries, and who, under the pretence of treating with Louis the Eighteenth for a Provisional Government, was merely stipulating for his own continuance as Police Minister.

It would have been more just in M. Villemain, in the character of historian of the Hundred Days, to have stigmatized the profligacy of Fouché than to dwell as he does upon the weaknesses and inconsistencies of Benjamin Constant.

Sir Henry Bishop, Professor of Music in the University of Oxford, and the only composer upon whom the dignity of Knighthood was ever conferred by the English Crown, died in London on the 30th of April, in the 75th year of his age, as some papers say, and according to the *London Illustrated News*, in this 69th. He became known as a composer so early as the year 1806, by a ballet called "Tamerlan et Bajazet," produced at the Italian Opera-house. His first English opera, "The Circassian Bride," was produced at Drury-lane, in February, 1809; but on the night after its first performance the theatre was burnt to the ground, and Bishop's score perished in the flames. From a few fragments of it still extant, particularly the fine duet, "I'll love thee," it must have been a work of great merit. "The Maniac," produced the following year at the Lyceum, has always been regarded as one of his best works. In 1810 he was engaged as composer and director of the music at Covent-garden; and then began that long and brilliant series of operas which he produced for that theatre, in rapid and uninterrupted succession down to the year 1824, when his connection with it terminated. That series, commencing with "The Knight of Snowdon," and ending with "Native Land," includes no less than *fifty-eight* pieces.

Bishop's last dramatic work of magnitude was "Aladdin," which was produced at Drury-lane under unfavorable circumstances. In 1826 Weber's Oberon was brought out at Covent-garden; and, to increase the public interest the famous German musician appeared, as a lion, to direct the performance. The managers of the rival theatre, wishing for something to counterbalance the attraction at the other house, prevailed on Bishop to write an opera for them. He imprudently complied, and produced "Aladdin," a work on which he exerted all his powers; but, as might have been expected, its great and numerous beauties were overlooked, and it entirely failed of success.

This was the termination of Bishop's splendid career as a composer for the stage. But he did not sink into inaction. He continued to write many beautiful songs, duets, glees and other vocal pieces for the concert-room and the chamber, which obtained general popularity, and contributed to preserve among us that wholesome relish for sound English melody which is too much impaired by the constantly increasing importation of works of the foreign schools. The later volumes of Moore's Irish Melodies were also committed to his care; and his masterly arrangements were found immeasurably superior to those of his predecessor, Sir John Stevenson.

Bishop died in great destitution, and subscription concerts had been set on foot in London for his relief.

The name of Currer Bell's (Miss Bronte's) father was Patrick Prunty, from County Down, Ireland. His parents were of humble origin, but their large family were remarkable for their physical strength and personal beauty. The natural quickness and intelligence of Patrick Prunty attracted the attention of the Rev. Mr. Tighe, rector of Drumgooland parish, who gave him a good education in England, and finally procured him a curacy in Wales. In his new sphere he was not unmindful of his family claims, for he settled £20 per annum on his mother. The patron of Mr. Patrick Prunty, disliking the name, requested him to take that of Bronte, from the fanciful idea that the Greek word *Bronte* would appositely signify the singular quickness and intelligence of his intellect. After Mr. Bronte had assumed the duties of the clerical office he married, and the issue of that marriage were the three talented women who delighted the reading world under the titles of Currer, Acton and Ellis Bell.

From the Keepsake.

THE SHOOTING STAR.

BY LORD NUGENT.

It was my meaning to return, late as it was, across the bog, over by "Phelim's Rest," and so reach home before my mother should wake. And what was "Phelim's Rest," and who was I, and my mother at home and alone, and I out still, and it so late?—And is there another bog in the whole south, be it where it may, from Wexford and the golden vale of Kilkenny, to the westernmost extremity of Ireland and of Europe entirely, that it wouldn't be better crossing on a dark November's night, than exactly that which lay convenient to my poor mother's bit of a farm? And "Phelim's Rest" in the middle of it, had been, many's the long day since, the strong place of some old chieftain, (or worse may be,) where he used to hold himself secure from all comers, save and except them he'd like, by reason there was only one path, none of the widest, and not much of a path neither, leading from the "Rest" both ways out to the edge of the bog. The path was crooked and broke, with big stones here and there, a sort of causeway like; and you'd sometimes seem to yourself to be rather going backward than forward, seeing the turns of it, and each side brown shaking bog, and big holes of water; and worse luck's his own who would get into them. It's my opinion that, in his day, and before the stone causeway was there, it was all brown together, only patches of green or of water, and that none but he and his men would know the firm ground at all to go across. And the "Rest" is but a small little place, on which once stood a grand tower, or such as that, the old stone wall of which still is in parts five or six feet above the heap, and on one side a little gable for his bell; and the stones of the upper part of the tower, such as hadn't gone to make the causeway, had tumbled round the foot, and made it almost a sort of island of natural rock to look at, standing up gray in the dark and watery flat. And there it was, as a boy, I'd be mightily given to sit of a morning, and through the day too, and a good bit of the evening, by reason it was the shortest way to the town, when I'd go for my mother of an errand. And there I'd lie in the sun on the stones and soft moss, or sit dabbling my heels in the square pools that the turf-cutters make, with my bit of whatever it was that I'd eat; and I'd glory in a throw at the wild fowl, who'd come (bold birds as they were) to quarrel with me for my seat and my bit; and it was by my staying out so late, (and because, when the water lay high on the bog, and the evenings were dark and dirty, and seeing it was not always a sure thing to find the path rightly), that my poor mother would be uneasy; and sometimes when I'd come home, wet and cold, she'd be very mad with me, poor soul! God rest her! for she loved me greatly. And often, when she'd fault me for leaving her to go sit alone among the stones and the wild birds, she'd talk of my father, who had left her alone with me in the world, and she'd cry over me, graceless as I was.—For I was the only son of my mother,—

and she was a widow! Oh, my poor mother! and I loved you too!—and I believe at times you knew it!—And, oh that I had you with me now, old as you would be, and helpless, but for me, and all the dearer too for that, and I would tell you that indeed I loved you all along, and that your care of me should never make a sore heart between us again; and I'd never cause you uneasiness, but sit by you, and comfort and cherish you. But that is past and gone now!

Well, and I grew up to be a clean proper fellow, and it was my own birthday, and there was a wedding in the town, and I wished greatly to be there, and my poor mother knew it right well; and, the why I didn't know, but she was more than ever eager with me that night to stay with her, though I told her I'd pass my birthday night with her until she'd be going to bed; but that the boys would be wanting me at the town, and that there'd be grand doings long after that. And true for me it was: the bridegroom had been, many's the day, my fishing companion, and, besides, the bride's mother was her own gossip, and the piper was her own foster-brother; and why wouldn't she let me go? And there was Anty Dooley too—and I knew she'd be there, the creature—and I'd be making sweet eyes at Anty. But it was all one! my poor mother, besides a wish expressed faintly and mildly enough, when she went to bed left her command and her blessing on me that I wouldn't go. But how could my going hurt my poor mother? So I sees her to bed, and the light well out, and off I slinks out of the window, not to be heard, like a bold undutiful blackguard, and across the bog by the sweet moon, meaning to be back before my mother was up. Well, all this was very well, and though the rains had made the water lie high in places on the turf, and over some parts of the causeway too, I knew the track, and the sky was bright altogether; and I spent my hour or two just as I'd wish, and no much harm neither; only I was disobeying and deceiving my poor mother.

It was a good two in the morning when I put forward to come back. Alone I was: for nobody's way but mine lay over the bog. The morning had set in cloudy and dark, and not a blink in the whole heavens, but a small rain in my face; and I was thinking more of Anty than should be, seeing the danger was all before me, and nothing to be discerned at the nose's length of me, any more than if I had been stark natural blind. I missed the track that led to the causeway. Young I was, and because nothing could hurt the like of me, I pushed on over the quaking scraw-lugger, thinking, sure enough, I should by and by, come to the hard. Every step took me deeper into the mischief; and out of my knowledge, and among appearances new and strange to me.—I was bothered among bog holes, I tumbled over turf-clumps, till at last all grew soft, and it was enough for me to keep this side smothering depth, by reason, I was fairly bogged. I sunk if I stood still; I was more lost if I tried to get on: I knew no more than the dead where I was, or how to return. My limbs ached with the labor, and I cried piteously—the wind blustered and howled mournfully round me—the

green plovers, blown from the roost, were borne before it off their wings, gibbering and squeaking across my very face—and the black clouds were driving, as it seemed to me, close over my head. A few moments more, and I was throat-deep in water. I thought of my mother!—of her strong love for me—and a mischief on me—and the many proofs I'd be daily receiving of it; I knew her agony if I'd never return, or be again heard of—and, oh! I hated myself, and was in despair. I looked wildly up to heaven, and prayed: "Oh Lord, I am a sinner! But my mother, my poor mother!" I paused, holding on by my hands to the edge of the hole where I was, and my heart beat quick and strong, for it seemed a small spot grew suddenly light in the vast black heavens, and a shooting star darted across; and, oh! its ever blessed gleam lighted up for a moment one big white stone, which I could not mistake; it was not above twenty good paces from me—I struggled towards it—the ground grew firmer, long life to it,—it was one of the causeway,—and I reached "Phelim's Rest." But the clouds were as dark again as ever! and here I could but sit till first day-dawn, two, three, cold wretched hours, giving God thanks; but my heart breaking to think if my mother would wake and call me.

I reached home, oh! strongly hoping that she had been spared all. But I was soon sensible the house-door was open, and the light in the bit of a kitchen. I saw through the window my mother up and drest, sure enough, and boiling the milk, at that unreasonable hour, and a suit of my clothes warming at the fire. She was very pale. Her eye was often turned towards the door, and then upwards; and then she'd droop her head again, and turn my clothes; and then bend her eyes to the fire, and clasp her hands for me. Hard enough it was to bear to see that! I was soon with my arms round her neck: "My child—my pet—my darling—" she paused, "be comforted, all's right now—I've been very anxious—I guessed where you were, and how it would be; it was very dark for you, and, helpless as I am, I had once the thought to go out to you; but I did a better part—I prayed; for without Him there is no help, and with him there is no danger. I watched at the door till near three, and the wind blew cold upon my heart, and I could see nothing, and hear nothing, but the blast and dashing rain; and it was that night, sixteen years ago, you first drew breath, and God knows how it might then be with you. I knelt on the ground with my agony, and said, "Lord, who gaved'st him life, spare him, and he will be thy servant!" Oh, my boy, I am not presumptuous! but just then a bright shooting star streamed across, and it almost seemed to tell me that there was hope, and that heaven was not shut to my prayers, or to my child!"

I'll not take it on me to say whether myself grew better or wiser for that, but I am sure I ought to;—or whether I was more dutiful to my mother; alas! I hope so, for a sadder night it was mine to see within three years after. But that night her son never can describe—no, nor think of—except to my own self.

Shortly after my poor mother's death I had of-

fers from a commercial house in Cork to which my father had been well known; and before the year came round it was determined to send me out on business to their correspondents at Lisbon. I took my passage in a small merchant brig that had been built for privateering on the Spanish Main, going out in ballast, ill appointed enough, and mighty shorthanded—the captain, three men, and a boy, over and above myself. But what of that? Fresh to the world, and moreover proud, to be sure, and thinking greatly of what I'd got on hand, and I so young, what could a wild Irish boy feel but a bounding heart, on the bold wide ocean for the first time? I set to work to take my place in the ship—I took my watch, and went aloft, and kept a dead reckoning, and took daily a bit of an observation too for my own self. Well, all went mighty well, and we made the Rock, and were well off the Tagus before sundown on the fourteenth day. The wind being fair, and plenty of it, the captain was anxious to save his tide up that night: but not knowing the river, and wanting a pilot in, we bore up to a sail that was coming closehauled from the southward, and apparently standing in. The stranger, a Portuguese ship, heavily laden, seemed not to like our cut, and went about, carrying on, and putting herself before the wind. Well, we knew we could go two to her one; and it was taking us mighty little out of our course, and we could not get in without a pilot at any rate, and so we only luffed a point or two, not to fall to leeward of our chase, and hand over hand we were coming up with her. In less than two hours we were within hail, and so near into the land too, and it being a shoal coast, and the wind coming strong from the north-west, and it growing very dark, it was only having her—and a large ship she was too—within us, that gave us confidence to stand on. Suddenly she luffed up, nearly across our bows, as if going about; but she merely braced her head-yards round, then took in top-gallant sails, and, keeping her main topsail back to the mast, lay at our mercy. We hailed her as we passed, but no answer we got but a dead silence. So, bringing the brig up in the wind as soon as we could, to leave her to, convenient to the Portuguese, we held a council what was to be done. We had but one boat, and she was on deck, and a nasty, little, round, short, crazy jolly-boat she was as you'd wish to see. So we lowered her, and, by reason we were short-handed, and it blowing strong, the captain wouldn't spare only a man, and the small boy, and me that was n't good for much. So, shoving off, I steered for the Portuguese, whom we could now see but mighty little of, for the distance had increased greatly between the two vessels since we first hove to. Well, we had got a musket in the bottom of the boat for a signal in case of accident, and then the brig was to hoist a light. By the time we had pulled fairly out of sight of her; and the night now pitch dark, it was our opinion we could not catch a wink of the other, and it was a bare chance where she might be. Then, for the first time, spoke the small boy. "And may be," said he, "the Portuguese guessed we were lowering away our boat, and thinking, after we had shoved off, that the captain with his boat adrift

could hardly do less than wait to pick her up, may be the Portuguese has made sail again." And faith this sounded reasonable too. And, furthermore, and besides that, it being at best beyond our knowledge where the Portuguese was, we thought we might as well pull back. At this time, I felt the cold greatly about the legs of me, and, putting my hand down, oh murder! if the boat wasn't half way up to the thwarts in water.

"Why, what on earth is this?" cried I. "May be," says the small boy, "your honor, and the captain, and Pat, and Flinn, and myself, and Ben that's here, forgot to ship the plug, and may be it's out." And sure enough it was. And, because I was sensible of a hole as big as my thumb through the boat's bottom, it stood to reason that she should be filling. "Short times for thinking," said I; "it's my opinion it's a good season for making a bit of a signal. But, worse and worse, there was the musket where we'd put it, over head and ears, lock and all, poor thing, in good blue water on the boat's floor. Nothing remained but to pull for the bare life; and what if I'd baled with my hat, and may be they'll be thinking on board something's wrong, and they will show a light, and then," says I, "I'll see them."

Well, by the very reason of the boat's pulling heavy, and a swell, and Ben catching a crab too, crack goes the grummet his oar pulled against, short off in the mortise! and there we were, one oar, and we spinning round, and filling, and nothing else! Now, to be sure, all seemed as good as over with us at any rate. And is there any one, with only nineteen years upon him, with death, inevitable, imminent death, staring him in the face, every moment nearer and more grim, but would feel it hard to have lived to be thus lost in his youth, with all his hopes before him? So thought the poor small boy in the bows, for he wept aloud, and called on his mother. Poor boy! she was far away. But had nobody a mother but he! Oh yes! Though mine was dead and gone, she'd be with me still: often in my joy, when I'd wish for her to share it; and always in pain and sorrow, for they were a-kin to the thoughts of having lost her. And oh! that night, when I was alone on the wide, tumbling, unrelenting swell, in a round, short, crazy jolly-boat, with one oar, and no plug to bless ourselves, and two poor wretches whose company would be no comfort in drowning, and the more I baled the more I couldn't keep her from filling,—it was just that night twelve-month—but why did I remember that it was just a year ago that night that I lost her, when I thought to be sure we were so soon to meet again? Oh, it was that I was thankful she was dead and gone, not to mourn for me! But I said nothing, for I would n't have considered that handsome by any means to the rest of us; but I looked once round before I'd give all up. Was that the brig's light? Oh no! it was a shooting star!—and I don't know what it was, or why, but I felt something glance warm across my heart. It was but a foolish shooting-star, after all; but I set the spot where it fell. And hurrah! if Ben, who had been working all along with his knife, like a heathen who never thought of death, hadn't got the mortise-hole clear, and new shipped the grummet! So

we cheered to keep our hearts up, and got something like steerage-way on the boat once more. But seeing it was all one which way we put her head, I steered her a straight course for where the star had shot into the wave—I don't know why—and baled double tides. And, poor comfort though this was, I thought I'd see what would come of it, and hurrahed them to give way stoutly, for we might at least be pulling in towards shore.

Two dreary hours more, and still working hard, when a streak of gray morning light began to dawn narrow and cheerless on the horizon. Was it cheerless, I said? Oh no, blessings on it! for as the dark curtain drew up which for hours had been closed on the very souls of us, I thought I could see a sail on the black heaving horizon, against the opening sky, right a-head. My eyes ached, being fixed so long; I closed them for a wink, and then, clear and plain, there was the brig, hove to as we had left her, and not a lantern had the chief shown all the time. Well, we cheered again, loud and lustily. And now it was indeed I wept again; and the poor boy shrieked like a young thing catching a sight of life again. Even Ben, the creature, dropped his head as if he felt more than he'd be speaking of.

It was long, long before we could be seen pulling over the swell, though often I'd wave my handkerchief high. But, at last, oh glory! we saw her fill her sails and come right down to us. And she picked us up just as the jolly-boat's ugly gunnel was down to the water's edge.

And here I am, five years after. I have led a rough life since, and am like to do,—for I'm captain's clerk to a West-Indiaman. But never, never from that hour have I seen a shooting-star but I'm the better for it, for then I bless heaven for my life, and my poor mother for her prayer when I was struggling in the bog hole near "Phelim's Rest."—Am I superstitious?—I believe not.—

From the Gem.

WALTER ERRICK.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

It was on board the Alphonse that I learned the history of this unfortunate man. He was first mate there; and, though exceedingly unpopular among his messmates, there was something about him which excited my interest. He was a short, thickset man, about the middle age, with a singularly grave countenance, which circumstance had probably obtained him among his companions the name of "*gloomy Walter*," by which he was constantly designated. There was, however, nothing harsh or forbidding in his general expression; on the contrary, when a faint gleam of something like gladness stole over his features, they were decidedly pleasing; and melancholy, rather than gloom, appeared to me to be their habitual cast. I always piqued myself on being a good judge of physiognomy; and, as I walked up and down the deck of the Alphonse, I repeated so often to myself, "That man has a history," that, at last, during all the dull, monotonous voyage, I came to have but one pervading wish, which

gradually obtained complete empire over me, to hear his story from himself. I cannot describe to you the burning intensity of my curiosity on this subject. Day after day, night after night, I repeated, almost with feverish longing, "Oh that I could hear Walter Errick's story!" I do really think that, at that time, I would have consented to lose an arm or a leg, if the loss could have ensured the gratification of my wish. Time passed, and the desire increased in proportion as the likelihood of satisfying it diminished. A thousand times I was on the point of addressing him, of telling him the interest he had inspired; but the cold gravity, the *insouciance* of his melancholy, always restrained me: his was not a sorrow of the heart, which could be relieved by unbosoming himself to a compassionate friend; it was a cloud over the soul, a dark veil thrown over his natural feelings, by some event of his past life. Oh that I could discover how and when it took place.

My wish was at last gratified. Walter Errick caught a fever when we were crossing the Line, and my profession, as a clergyman, obliged me to sit by him, and offer the consolations which our holy religion affords to the penitent sinner. For some days he was delicious, and during that time he seemed happier than I had ever seen him; he talked of the scenes of his childhood, fancied himself on the shore of the Isle of Wight, and would take my hand and gaze fondly into my face, murmuring some name in a low faint voice, or sometimes without speaking at all. One night, after lying in a stupor for some time, he roused himself and asked for something to drink: after a few moments' pause, he inquired how long it was probable he should live? The surgeon replied, that at present there was no certainty of his death; that he might, and in all probability would, recover. "Nonsense!" said he; "I am dying: I feel it—I know it: it is the plague—the plague of the body and the soul." We thought he was relapsing into delirium, when, suddenly seizing my arm, he exclaimed, "I have a great wish to say something to you, Sir, before I go. You have brought on this fever: you have watched me—suspected me,—I know you have: for above a fortnight before I took to my bed, I could not hear your foot upon the deck, (and oh, how well I knew your step from the others!) without feeling my heart beat as if it would have burst; and when you looked at me so long and earnestly as you used to do, the veins in my forehead swelled and throbbed, and my head grew giddy. Sir, I could not sleep for that look; and now you shall hear all,—why I did it, and how it happened that no one but you ever guessed what I had done." At that moment I confess I felt almost in the state the wretched man had himself described: every nerve in my body thrilled, and the drops stood on my brow. I did not speak, however; and, after some time, he continued:

"I was born in a little fishing hut, at the back of the Isle of Wight. I believe my father had originally been a farmer; but distresses had come upon him, and, under the ostensible trade of a fisherman, he connected himself with a gang of smugglers, who carried on successful plunder in that part of the island. I used always to accompany him on his expeditions, and was

with him the night he was shot by the King's officers;—he fell from the boat in which he was standing into the sea; after the struggle was over, two men looked for his body and brought it home: we then discovered that the wound was of little consequence, but the time he had been in the water precluded all possibility of his recovery. My mother was thus left with myself and a younger brother,—with no means of subsistence,—except the scanty earnings afforded by making fishing-nets, and selling shells and weeds to those whom curiosity and leisure brought to the beach. One of her little customers, who was daughter to the captain of a small merchant vessel, offered to obtain a situation, as cabin-boy, for either of us, in her father's ship,—a proposition my mother acceded to the more gladly, as she had taken home the half-starved orphan of one of the men who perished, or were taken, the night my father died. My brother and I performed the voyages alternately, and experienced the greatest kindness from the captain, who frequently assisted my mother and little Mary, the orphan girl, with small but useful presents during his short stay on land. It was during the third voyage my younger brother, James, had made, that I began to think of the orphan Mary as a wife. Beautiful and gentle she was, and to live with her and not love her was impossible. We used to ramble over the beach together during the bright summer evenings, and sit side by side watching the waves rippling to the shore, or looking for the ships in the distance, and guessing their destinations and the feelings of those within them. At length the time drew near when James was to return, and I should take his place, and bid farewell to Mary for a while. The day, the hour came. I felt her last kiss on my lips, her warm bright tears on my cheek; and the boat that brought me to the vessel, rowed away again with her and James and others, and became a speck in the distance.

"It was two years before I again saw the Isle of Wight, and my landing was an ominous one. The well known signal was hoisted, and I could see a white handkerchief fluttering in reply above the roof of our cottage. The boat put off from shore, and my heart told me, before my eye could distinguish, that my brother James was the one who pulled so stoutly, and kept his glance so fixed on the deck of our vessel. I got a pocket-telescope, and looked out to see his bright and blessed countenance a few minutes sooner: and there he was, handsomer than ever; his sun-burnt face lit with gladness, his white smiling teeth gleaming in the sun, and the fresh breeze waving his ringleted hair. I never felt so fond or so proud of him: I kept repeating, in a tone of triumph, to those near me, "There's James,—that's my brother James,—do you see James?" never heeding or seeing their total indifference to the rapture which swelled my heart. Mary too,—dear Mary! I could see faintly on the shore the outline of a figure I felt must be hers. I watched impatiently the light boat shooting over the waters, which lay as clear and smooth as glass: suddenly there was a momentary confusion; some one stood up, leant forward and the boat upset, plunging all into the sea.

For one single instant I stood paralyzed, with my eyes fixed upon the flashing, glancing waters, as the sunshine played over the spot where fourteen wretches were struggling for life: another moment and I had leapt into the ocean, and was swimming with all the energy of love and despair to the place where the boat had sunk. As I swam from the vessel, I heard the captain shout out orders to lower a boat; we had but one left,—the rest had taken part of the cargo to land. I knew, and remembered as I swam along, that this was too small to hold all the sufferers; and though I could see boats in all directions putting off from the land, yet the time that must elapse before they could reach the spot rendered their being of service very uncertain. At length I swam into the centre of the eddying waves: hands were extended, and faint efforts were made to grasp me, by men already exhausted with rowing; but they were *strangers*, and in that moment of excitement, I shook them off as I would have done a troublesome animal. I gazed,—I panted,—the dreadful thought struck me that I might be too late: I shrieked out, "James!" A faint voice called me by my name;—a splash—an arm raised for a moment above the head, showed me where my brother *had been*. He rose again—I struggled forward—a dying wretch caught my arm—I shook him off—I even struck his extended arm as it was again listlessly stretched forth to lay hold of me:—I reached my brother; he rose once more with closed eyes—I caught him by the hair, and wept and howled in the agony of my excessive joy. I saw the boat from the merchant vessel nearing us: I called, I shouted; I felt my limbs failing with fatigue and emotion, and every now and then one of the strugglers round us went down with a faint bubbling groan. I thought again of the size of the boat, and shuddered; it would not, at the most, hold more than eight:—useless, indeed, was my fear! The boat neared—took us in—I looked up to heaven in gratitude, and round upon the waste of waters:—*there were but two living souls of the fourteen!*

"Death alone can erase the memory of that evening from my mind: there is but one other scene in my life which I can recall with equal intensity; and that!—Oh James, my merry-hearted, handsome, affectionate brother,"—and the sick man clasped his hands, and shook with a passion of grief. He mastered it, and continued more calmly, "That evening we were all at home together,—Mary, and my mother, and James, and I; and how they wept over me, and hung upon me, and blessed me! I told them good news too, that the vessel wanted repairing, and that the delay necessary would give us yet a little while together, before James would be obliged to leave us; and they told me—what? that the brother I had saved, and Mary, my Mary, were to be married directly; that they had only waited for my return to be present during the ceremony, and that nothing now remained but to fix the day. I hardly remember how I felt, or what I said; but I know that my eyes were riveted upon Mary like those of a person walking in his sleep, and that Mary laughed and blushed, and looked down; and then came and kissed my

cheek, and hid her head on my bosom, and blessed me for having brought home *HER* James from the wild and treacherous sea. I recollect too, feeling bewildered, and gazing around me; and that the fire seemed to grow dimmer, and my mother's face to grow paler, and that I felt suffocated, and trembled all over. However, I shook James by the hand, and promised to be there on the wedding day, and give the bride away. And when they had all gone to bed, I went out, and sat down on the beach, and looked across the sea to the place where the boat had had sunk in the morning, and I thought over all that had happened that day,—my joy at coming home, my agony when I saw James drowning at a distance and no help near; and then I thought of Mary, and the choking pain rose in my throat, and I knelt in the cold moonlight on the sands, and prayed a dreadful and a fervent prayer to God that I might never live to see them man and wife! Yes, I wished, I prayed that they might be happy, but that I might be a cold corpse, and more than once I thought of plunging in the sea, and so ending my life: but I remembered the morning, and the sinking wretches, and the cold grasp on my arm, and I could not do it.

"At daybreak I went home, and I heard every thing settled for the wedding; and Mary looked quite happy, and confided to me all her little plans for the future; and how she had gradually guessed that James loved her; and how they used to walk along my favorite walks, talking of me, and wondering when I should come back, and what I would think of it; and the agony that filled her soul when the boat disappeared, and her gratitude when, at last, she saw me coming to shore with James. And then she talked again of *him*, and told me all his merry jokes, and her anxiety when he was out fishing at night: and every word she spoke went through and through my heart. Two or three days passed, and their wedding drew near. Every morning I wandered out, that I might see Mary as little as possible before she was James's wife; and every night I went out to fish. Sometimes he came with me, and sometimes I went alone. The last night we went out together, and Mary carried the lantern and the heavy boat-cloak down to the beach, and kissed my brother and bade him good-bye till sunrise; and then she stooped down and kissed me as I was unfastening the boat-chain, and said, in her low gentle tone, "Bring him home safe, Walter." How those few words rang in my brain for long weary years! Well, we set sail on as fair and still a night as ever shone in the moonlight; and James was in high spirits, and laughed and talked incessantly; but there was a weight on my heart nothing could take away. At length it seemed all of a sudden to strike him that I was not the same I had been; and, after a short silence, which was only broken by a heavy sigh which burst from me, he said, "Walter, you are unhappy: don't let there be secrets between brothers, but tell me what ails you." It wasn't the words he said, but something in his manner, and the kind tone of his voice, that stole upon me, and I all at once resolved that I *would* tell him all—my love and my struggles, and so save my-

self from being at the wedding, and sail away for a time till they were settled: and some feeling of making a sacrifice, and being pitied and loved by both, came across me; and I felt that I should be happier afterwards. And I spoke long and sorrowfully: I told him what I had never breathed before, not even to Mary. I described my feelings through the four past years,—how I had thought of her when I was absent, and loved her when present; and how she had been the one hope of my life, looked forward to in storm and in sunshine, in calm and in danger; and with a breaking and a bursting heart I confessed that I had believed her affections were mine, that I had mistaken the love of a sister for the passionate affection I bore *her*, and that I had never thought it possible, even for an instant, that she could become the wife of another. And then I paused and looked out, far out, over the waste of waters, with the tears swelling and choking in my throat. And James answered a very few words spoken lightly and in jest: he rallied me on my blindness, and, finally, as he repeated my last words about the impossibility of Mary preferring any one to me, he gave way to hearty and uncontrolled laughter. God forgive me! but I *do* believe if it had not been for *that*, I should not be the miserable wretch I am. That laugh rang through my brain and maddened me. I could have borne reproaches, angry words, or even coldness and jealousy; but to be laughed at in my agony!—my blood boiled; my hand trembled; and I looked at James with my teeth set together. He still laughed on—I struck but one blow with the boat-hook—the echo of that laugh died away upon the water. There was a splash, a moan, a faint call upon my name; and I sat the one living thing in that boat on the lonely sea—alone, in the depth and darkness of night! Oh God! Oh God! what would I have given to have heard that voice again, though it were in execration and taunts for evermore! I thought it was impossible one instant could have finished all,—one blow destroyed so much of life, vigor, and beauty. I called “James! James! my brother!” but no echo answered me, no sound smote my ear, but the sullen waves, *plash—plash*—against the anchored boat. I looked fearfully over the side, and to my straining eyes the ocean seemed tinged with blood: I drew my head back with a cold shudder, and covered my face with my hands. And dreams passed through my burning brain—dreams of childhood and of later years: I was on the beach with James as when we were children, sorting shells and sea-weeds; and I felt his round soft arm over my shoulder. And then I was with him and Mary, bidding farewell for my last voyage; and his bright eye glanced on mine through the darkness, and I fancied he rowed the boat along to take me back to the merchant ship. And then the morning when I had saved him came to my mind: I heard again his faint answer to my call, and prayed with yearning agony to hear that whisper once more: and then I fancied I heard that mocking laugh repeated,—but it had no longer the sound of mockery; it was only as *his* voice I heard it—his young glad voice which I might never hear again!

“I know not how I reached the land: I only remember that the sun was shining warm and bright over my head, and that Mary and my mother were standing weeping on the beach, and watching for us; and I got out of the boat and stood by them, and watched too. And they said to me, “Is he drowned, Walter? is he dead?” and I stared, and repeated the words like a maniac. And there we sat while the waves rolled in—in silence and in sorrow. At last there was a black speck visible: it heaved over that wave and another, and yet another, and the last brought to shore the body of Mary’s bridegroom. There he lay at my feet—my young, unoffending brother—bruised and breathless; and my hand had sent him to his last account!”

Walter Errick paused from exhaustion; his voice had become so hollow and broken, that I could scarcely distinguish the words he uttered. I waited till he seemed to have recovered a little, and then spoke of the consolations of religion. He listened patiently, but apparently with little hope; and when I paused, he continued his story in a low mournful tone.

“Two years and more had passed away, and my poor mother and Mary appeared to have recovered from the stroke of James’s death. It was only now and then, when some trifling word occurred which awoke the sealed fountain of her sorrow, or when her eyes wandered to his empty place at our meals, that the latter would come and sit down by me, and murmur *his* name, and lay her weeping head upon my arm, and sob in uncontrollable grief. During all this time, I followed my occupation as fisherman. You will perhaps feel surprised, Sir, at my being able to endure the going out at night alone, after what had happened: but so it was, that, after the first agony of despair, I ceased to think of aught but self-preservation. It was not that I wished to live, but that I feared to die—feared it, Oh Sir! with a shuddering dread which no one can conceive who has not done a deed of blood like me! I grew a very coward; I ventured out only on the calmest nights; and often, when I had been out but a few hours, the remembrance of that *one* evening would come over me, and I would pull for the land, and rush up the beach home again, pursued by insupportable terror.

“It was on a dark windy night in November, when my fears had prevented my stirring from the little room where we sate, (though I knew we had scarce a meal for the next day,) that my mother, who had sat silently netting for some time, turned and addressed us. Mary was mending an old jacket; and when she heard my mother speak, she laid down her work and fixed her eyes on the withered face of the good old woman—“Mary, and you, Walter, my dear children, I have been wishing to say this to you for long; but something has always tied my tongue. I feel that I am going from you—nay, do not look so mournfully upon me: I am an old woman and one who has seen sorrow—but, before I go, I do wish—very, very much—to see you both married together. Walter, my only remaining son! I am sure the love of your young heart was no other, than my sweet Mary; and you, Mary surely, there is none other left now on earth

that you would love or live with more willingly than Walter: and it is a sinful thing to murmur against God, and sit mourning all the days of one's life, because it has pleased him, in his wisdom, to take away one of our blessings. So do, my Mary," continued she, earnestly, to the weeping and trembling girl, "do take my son Walter by the hand, and promise me that you will both be one, to love and to work for one another when I am gone." And Mary rose, sobbing bitterly; and she came and stood between my mother and me; and she placed her small thin hand in mine, and said, "You know, Walter, that I have no love left to offer, such as I once felt; but, as my dear James's brother you are, and ever will be, the dearest thing earth contains: and if that, and the duty of a wife, will content you—"

"She could say no more; but, sinking on a chair, and covering her face, she gave free course to her tears. Then, suddenly rising, she said, "Good night! Walter, and God Almighty bless you! You are not going out to-night, and to-morrow—" She left the little room; my mo-

ther followed, and I remained *alone*,—bewildered, stupefied, horror-struck. Strange as it may seem, the possibility of such an event as my marriage with Mary had never occurred since my brother's death: now, when it did strike me, it was with loathing, with terror, I thought of it: it gave a *motive* to the murder—it made me feel, if possible, doubly criminal. I resolved to fly and never see Mary's face again. I rushed out of the house, fled along the beach, and clambered over the rocks,—any where, so I might but flee from home. Exhausted by the struggle of contending emotions,—the storm that raged without, and that within,—I sunk with my face on the sand. I lay there still,—Oh! Sir, lift me up! lift me up! I am dying—Mercy!—mercy!"

I turned to the bed, and raised the wretched man in my arms: after a few faint convulsive struggles, he again murmured the word "Mercy!" He made an attempt to clasp his hands in prayer: but they sank powerless by his side: his eyes fixed—he heaved a long deep sigh—and I stood by the side of the corpse of WALTER ERRICK.

From the British Magazine.

MY LAST-NIGHT'S DREAM.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

"Money brings honor, friends, conquest, and realms."

Paradise Regained.

"The love of money is the root of all evil."—*St. Paul.*

I HAVE wealth, and I have learned to loathe life; I am young, and I have envied age and decrepitude; I have wife and child, yet my eye and heart are evil towards them: think me neither fiend nor madman—I am only **POOR**. To many that word conveys little notion of wretchedness and degradation. Sages and moralists oftimes, in their speeches, associate poverty and cheerfulness; poverty and content; but sages and moralists lie. When I was rich (once I was so), I talked lightly too; I did not love money then, for I boasted and believed that I esteemed my fellows for their own sakes, and was by them esteemed for mine. I thought that happiness was independent of circumstances; that affection, refinement, and fame, depended solely on qualities, and were never affected by the accidents of condition: and herein I thought as a fool. There came a time when I was made to think differently; and it came suddenly. My wealth, that I deemed a rock, proved to be a mound of earth overhanging a precipice; it tottered,—crumbled—fell. Since then, the lust of gold has taken possession of my soul; for now I know its worth. I know now the power that will move the human spirit to deeds the vilest, and deeds in their effects the most splendid.

I know now the principle that exerts over human destiny the influence that fable attributed to the planets. I perceive now the super-eminent worth of that which, when possessed, I considered merely useful. I perceive that, without it, every blessing is, in some sense, cursed. That which you love must bow to labor; that which is lovely may be bought and sold for destruction; genius, that vanity terms the lord, necessity makes the hireling of Mammon; refinement is the child, not of drudgery, but of leisure; and the hunger after fame is turned, by poverty, into the hunger after bread. If you are old and rich, you may wrap your palsied limbs in the furs of emperors; if learned and rich, purchase the libraries of nations; if a lover and rich, you may deck your mistress in the spoils of the East, and worship with more than words; if a friend, you may imitate the bounty of nature; if a philanthropist, the benignity of God. The poor and old; learned and poor; a lover and poor; a friend and philanthropist, yet poor!—turn aside and die; it is less painful than to live. Again: untempted affluence may enlarge on the dignity of our nature; it is only when living in the depths and drinking of the dregs of poverty, that we know the unimaginable evils bound up in the human heart;—the meanness, the grossness, the pride, the hate, the envy, and the cruelty, that, like serpents in a nest, lie hushed and still when fed, but writhe, and sting, and hiss, when aroused by the fury of want! My Last Night's Dream! Had one told me, years ago, when presiding as master over an elegant, nay, a sumptuous

mansion, a centre to devoted and gifted friends; playing the good Samaritan abroad, and the good centurion among my dependants at home; had one told me then, that avarice would ever so seize upon my vitals, that even in my sleep my dreams should be of sins committed for gold, of scenes that the love of lucre has desolated like a plague; that I,—in my prosperity, the gentle, the kind, the loving,—should be fitted, by my waking thoughts, to become an actor in those dreams! Why, what a whited sepulchre is man! I dreamt, then, but it was not one continuous and unbroken vision, but a dream of episodes, connected only by the spirit that reigned throughout, and the person who appeared in every scene.

And at first I seemed removed to another world, far different and far distant from any country I had ever seen. Towns and villages there were; and glittering under a brighter sun, and skies more intensely beautiful, than ours; but they were not like the buildings of northern climes and matured civilization; they rather resembled the shining structures called up by an enchanter's wand, to be inhabited by a soft and indolent people, prone to simple pleasures, and acquainted only with inartificial pursuits. The character of the surrounding country was also different from any I had previously beheld. The earth teemed with vegetation, even to luxuriant wildness; fruits and flowers, the jewelry of nature, met the eye and solicited the hand in the most splendid varieties of form and color; fragrance exhaled from magnificent and unknown trees; and birds beautiful as winged blossoms, darted through the air or fluttered amongst the branches. The land had remained the paradise it was, but its mountains and rivers contained gold, and the Spaniard sought it. Then the native song was no longer heard at night-fall; the flowers that once enwreathed the cottages were trodden down; the maize grounds lay desolate; the once pleasant and prolonged repast was snatched in haste and silence; there was heard a sound of groans, excretions, and the clank of fetters, instead of melody and the voice of content; and the Indians were bowed down, body, soul, and spirit, to labor, and servitude, and sorrow. I saw one, a young Cacique, bolder in heart than his brethren; he fled with the remnant of his tribe to a fastness among the mountains, and there, for some time, remained in safety—except for remembrance, happy. But one day the Spaniard stole upon him when he was separated from his people. Ancoana, for so he called his beautiful bride, was sleeping beside him; and he leaned over her, shading her slumbers from the noontide sun, with flowers and branches plucked from the forest trees. He had despoiled himself of all his ornaments since com-

pelled to be a fugitive, yet, true to that impulse of the heart, which longs to adorn whatsoever it loves, Ancoana was still adorned as if his fortune was still at its height. But the Spaniard found them, one sleeping, and both secure. He was a Hidalgo who led the way: a man, when amongst his own countrymen, jealous of his honor and proud of his integrity; but the land of the Cacique yielded gold; "and the gold of that land was good." He stripped Ancoana of her ornaments; I saw his eye sparkle as he tore them rudely from her person; and when he found that the pearls which adorned her hair were strung upon the braids, he shred the long dark locks from her head; then, chaining husband and wife together, he drove them forwards to his encampment. And the form and the fashion of that man were like my own! I shivered in my sleep; but the vision, though it faded away, gave place to another.

I beheld now a city, strong and glorious, fortified with walls and bulwarks; on one side of them there flowed a river, and the whole was placed in a fair and fruitful plain. But the city was environed with a besieging army, the show of whose faces witnessed even more against them than all their artillery and weapons of war. The inhabitants had often been called upon to capitulate; but they were a city of merchants, and were loth, till it was too late, to buy their lives, and bribe off their enemies with their treasures. Their hopes were upheld, too, by a consciousness of the bravery of their garrison; and they bade the enemy as bold a defiance, two hours before the city was taken, as on the first morning of the siege. But there was treachery at the council board—treachery in one of the strung towers; and, on a sudden, at noon-day, there was heard a great and lamentable cry, the cry of a whole people, stricken at once with despair; for the enemy had gained access, and were pouring through the gates with license to destroy to the uttermost. But in a short space after that first great cry, there was no firing heard, for the executions were all silent stabbing. Multitudes, indeed, fled through the squares and streets, but the soldiers followed, butchering without mercy, driving them on even beyond the city to the river's edge, where the desperate wretches threw themselves into the water, and there, having none to help them, only escaped one death to fall into another. But on the opposite side the river was a fort held by a division of the besieging army, who, not being heated with slaughter, were willing to give or rather sell quarter, to such as could swim across the river. Nay, having the command of a few small boats, the officers gave these soldiers permission to make what booty they could, by fetching off some of the wretched burghers who stood on the opposite

banks in crowds, expecting every moment to be either drowned or murdered. And now I beheld the value of wealth. It was not the helplessness of age or infancy; not the influence of rank or wisdom; not the imploring words of beauty, that weighed with the soldiers in affording their help; but silver, and gold, and jewels! Every individual citizen loved, and would have saved his life — would have given for its purchase all that he possessed; but only the rich had possessions wherewith to offer a ransom, and so the poor perished. I saw a man whose mind was a treasure that could not be "gotten for gold;" he had enriched by his discoveries in science, not his own nation merely, but his species; yet was he "a poor wise man;" he had nothing to offer but his knowledge; so the soldiers carried off in his stead, a possessor of riches and ignorance. By nightfall, the plunder and slaughter within the city were complete; and then fire being set to the four quarters, all human sounds were hushed in the roar of the flames; the bodies of the slain were wrapped in a fiery winding-sheet and the smoke of that city ascended up to heaven, a never-dying memorial of the power of avarice. For I saw, standing afar off, in the camp of the enemy, the traitor, who, for a bribe, had delivered up his trust: for money had sold his brethren to slaughter, and himself to everlasting shame — and the form and the fashion of that man was like my own.

The scene of my dream again changed, but the spirit of it remained the same. I beheld another city, strong and bulwarked like the last; like that, too, beleaguered. But neither within nor without the walls was there heard the wild stir of warfare; for the besiegers were content to wait the slow but certain effects of a blockade, and the besieged were not called upon to fight, but to endure. Famine was their guest, their commander, and their king. Death was in their streets and in their houses; but he slew his victims silently, and without bloodshed. The voice of complaint was not heard, for complaint required strength, and the strong were bowed to the feebleness

of infancy. The prayer, the curse, and the command were alike whispered; for the strong pined away, stricken through with hunger. The daughters of delicacy became cruel as the ostriches of the wilderness; the tongue of the sucking child cleaved to the roof of his mouth for thirst; the young children asked bread, and no man broke unto them. Whatsoever could be taken within the lips as food, was sought for as hid treasure. Reptiles were more than rubies, and the epicure gloated over viands that once his dogs would have abhorred. Life again was bought and sold: food of any kind could only be purchased by the rich — so the poor looked on and died. I witnessed a contest between two citizens for the possession of a small bird. Once, a father, desired it for a dying child; the other, that he might assuage for a little while the pangs of his own hunger. The former offered all he had, a hundred crowns; the latter doubled that sum, and the bird became his. I saw the father steal slowly away, — unaided, unpitied, uncomplaining; I saw the successful candidate depart also — his languid step quickened for a moment by the joy of possession, and his haggard features gleaming with transitory triumph. The day after, the city was relieved; and then I beheld him who had parted with his last morsel of food (yet he too was a father, and he too was an hungered) for money, that to him was more than wife or child — more even than his own existence — he lay stretched on the threshold of his own door, exhausted beyond the power of restoration, though sustenance was now at hand; yet, even in the agonies of death, grasping close the price of the bird, the two hundred crowns — and the form and the fashion of that man was like my own.

I dreamt yet more; but the remaining portion of my vision was broken and confused, cut off from the main current — wild, distorted, fitful. Nevertheless, in all, I beheld myself the chief actor in scenes of strife and sorrow; still the slave of gold; still led on by the demon of avarice; yet, when I awoke and looked around me, I almost wished to sleep again and forget that I was poor!

A LETTER FROM ALEXANDRIA, published by the *Pays*, states that the Viceroy of Egypt, persisting in his design of having the Isthmus of Suez cut through, has requested M. de Lesseps to pay another visit to Constantinople in order to use fresh efforts with the Ottoman Government on the subject. Said Pacha has even, it is said, written an autograph letter to the Sultan to point out to his Majesty the necessity of the undertaking, and the importance which it would give to one of the richest provinces of the em-

pire by bringing to it the transit trade of the whole world.

THE *Horatio*, late 24 guns, now 2 monster guns, is being rapidly equipped by the artificers at Sheerness. The minimum weight of her shot is to be 3 cwt., the maximum 10 cwt., elongated shot, passing through a rifle-cut barrel; the minimum charge of powder is to be 30lbs., the maximum unlimited according to distance required.

WRECK OF THE LIVING AGE.

WE copy from the Boston Atlas the substance of a letter from Capt. Holmes to the owners of this beautiful clipper ship. How proud our Magazine was at having such a noble vessel named after her! When the ship was preparing to go first to sea, and we partly loaded her with volumes of the *Living Age*, we went to the pier to look at her, and to see the Cabin which the Captain assured us was made for the exclusive use of our family when we should sail in her. It was very thoughtful of him;—though he would have made it larger had he known beforehand exactly how many would occupy it. How lively and beautiful the name looked on stem and stern—and even on the row of water buckets, each having one letter of it to carry!

Well! we are sorry—though doubtless she had abundantly paid her owners for her cost. And this leads us to remark finally, as an improvement of the occasion, that every subscriber to the Magazine should hasten to complete his set. With a complete set, bound and ranged in order, he will have a “feast of fat things” even if all the other books in the world should be used for heating baths.

The ship *Living Age* sailed from Woosung on Thursday morning, the 28th December for New York. We had thick rainy weather with strong breezes from the northward and eastward, increasing occasionally to fresh gales, and were not able to take any observations. At 5 o'clock, on Monday morning, the 1st of January, we judged ourselves in the latitude of the Prata Shoals, 25 miles to the westward of them, the ship steering SSW, going 10½ knots, when she struck with tremendous force on a reef, and brought up instantly. The sea breaking over her stern, carried away the boats, swept the decks of everything not lashed down, and unshipped the rudder, tearing the tiller down through the poop deck, where it tore away everything it came in contact with, as the rudder swung from side to side. The stern was soon stove in by the force of the sea, and the ship filled and fell over on her larboard side. When daylight appeared, as the after part of the ship was fast breaking up, all hands were employed to lighten the ship forward, by throwing over the chain cables, and everything we could get at. The fore rigging was cut away and the mast fell over the side. This lightened the forward part of the ship so much that she was forced further on the reef, so that the bow was in 9 feet of water. The heavy sea filling up over the stern, tore it to pieces and she settled down aft. For some days the sea continued to make a complete breach over the ship, tearing out the bulwarks and sweeping away the cabin and house on deck.

On Wednesday it cleared up, and a small island was seen distant about 8 miles. All of us

lived under the topgallant forecabin, and were employed by day in building a small boat from pieces of the bulwarks and other materials; also a raft of spars and planks. On Saturday, the weather having become more moderate, the boat and raft were launched and loaded with provisions; the mate and nine men succeeded in getting them through the breakers and safely landed on the island. They were unable to return to the ship for three days. They found a well of brackish water, but the island was barren and uninhabited. The boat and raft were again loaded with provisions and go to the island on the 12th, expecting to return the next day, but the weather becoming boisterous prevented them from coming back until the 5th of February, more than three weeks after. During that time we had built another boat and raft, and the weather being moderate, that day all hands, including Mrs. Holmes, left the ship with as many provisions as we could carry, and landed the next day on the island.

Before leaving the wreck an English ship was cast away on the reef about nine miles from us, and the crew were seen to leave her in the long boat, steering towards the coast of China. This proved afterward to be the ship *Tom Bowline*, from Shanghai to London. They landed on a small island not far from Hong Kong, when they were attacked by pirates, and the captain and crew murdered except two men, who had concealed themselves, and afterwards succeeded in getting to Hong Kong.

Some few days after we landed from the wreck, a ship passed in sight, and seeing the wreck and people on the island making signals of distress, attempted to rescue us, but received so much injury in approaching the island that she was obliged to abandon us and bear away towards Manilla. The shores of the island were strewn with pieces of wreck, and no doubt many missing vessels bound to and from China have been lost there. Finding a small Chinese boat which had drifted on the island, we fitted it up in the best way we could, and on the 15th February, the mate, with four men embarked in it for Hong Kong, where they arrived safely on the 17th. One of Her Majesty's steamers was immediately despatched to our rescue and to search for the crew of the *Tom Bowline*. But, in the meantime, the ship that had endeavored to rescue us arrived at Manilla, where the British steamer *Shanghai*, Captain Munroe, ready to depart for Hong Kong, immediately proceeded to sea and kindly touched at the island on the 19th February to relieve us. We were all treated with the greatest kindness by Captain Munroe and his officers, in aiding us to get to the steamer from the island, and while we were on board of her, for which they will always have the heartfelt gratitude of all of us. Before getting on board the *Shanghai*, another steamer hove in sight, which proved to be the man-of-war steamer sent from Hong Kong to our relief. As we passed the wreck of the *Living Age* we could see that her decks were broken up and the packages of tea washing out of her. We were safely landed at Hong Kong on the 19th February, on the 51st day after our shipwreck.